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THE COLLIERY STRIKES.—DISTRESS IN A COLLIERY VILLAGE: DISTRIBUTING SOUP.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There is an unhappy rumour afloat that the act of gratitude which caused an old gentleman to leave £10,000 to a lady who gave him a glass of water in the park on Jubilee Day is apocryphal. It is even said that the lady herself invented the story in order to sustain her credit with the tradespeople. If so, she erred, of course; though one cannot forbear to remark that it is better to say you have £10,000, and live up to it, than to possess the money and protest you haven't got it. What one fears is that the statement will cause many people to relax those Good Samaritan habits which the news of the old gentleman's bequest encouraged them to indulge in a small way, upon the principle of throwing a sprat to catch a herring. It must be remembered, however, that though £10,000 is a large interest to derive from such a source, and rather suggests a share in the New River Company than a glass of water, there are some very impulsive people in the world who have money to spend, though unhappily by their external appearance one cannot be sure of this. It is quite certain that much larger sums have been lost through the omission of a little civility, or still more by a slipshod reply. I knew a man who lost three times as much by giving his candid opinion of a phaeton in which a wealthy aunt had invested an infinitesimal portion of her savings. She fancied she had purchased at a cheap price a perfectly well appointed and even an aristocratic-looking vehicle, and asked, with some conscious triumph, what was her nephew's opinion on the subject. "Well, my dear aunt," he said, "it's very much the sort of thing in which an umpire goes to a prize-fight." I heard him say it myself, and admired his criticism exceedingly. Shakspeare himself could not have bettered it in the way of description. Still, to an aunt of Calvinistic principles, who did not like prize-fights, and flattered herself she had got a bargain, it was an injudicious reply, and cost him more than an Australian telegram—about £2000 a word.

In all ages, since books have been published at all, it has been the habit to praise the past at the expense of the present, and to place further and further back the age of gold. Shakspeare was sneered at in his time, and Dryden and Goldsmith and Scott. They were all new men, and, therefore, inferior to the old. This being so, the modern writer need not be much distressed at the depreciatory observations to which he has been lately subjected; greater men have heard them before and will probably hear them again. "Not to admire is all the art we know" is a line which some critics might take for their motto, and, though a bad one, it is quite good enough for them. But, while persons of intelligence resent this literary pessimism—the unacknowledged offspring of ignorance and envy—it must be owned that there is more written about literature in these days and less worth reading than ever. People who cannot contribute to it themselves, and are aware of their deficiency, still seem to think that they can write something concerning it which is acceptable to somebody or another; and even those who have tried to contribute to it, and failed, appear to consider from that very circumstance that they have earned the right to discourse upon it. Hence it arises that almost as much nonsense is now written about literature as about art, and, indeed, there is an effort in some quarters to treat them as if they are synonymous. When a writer talks about his Art, with a capital A, you may know for certain that he is not very much of a writer: his use of the general term is commonly an excuse for drawing attention to his particular effusions. A literary gentleman in the *Author* pathetically inquires whether "there is no place in the country for delicate and subtle work," such as his own. Publishers tell him, he says, that he would be "appreciated in France," but unhappily he writes in English. This complaint is made quite seriously. He says he has tried to make his contributions less diffuse and given them more plot, and yet they have not been accepted. The idea of putting in more plot after the story is written, as you might make brandy-and-water stronger by pouring in more alcohol, is delightful; and perhaps, after all, the true gift of this writer is not "subtlety" but humour.

That the line of another of the correspondents of the same literary journal this month is humour is certain. He denounces those publishers who employ an author as their "reader," because he must "necessarily be a creature of the strongest prejudices," and prone only to look with favour upon works similar in character to his own. Considering the jealousy that is supposed by many persons to belong to the literary nature, this seems to be very creditable to him. The joke, however, lies in the supposition that the reader selects the books that please himself, which would make his calling enviable indeed. His business, unfortunately, is to select those which seem likely to please the public, and there is probably no one who has so often to act in defiance of his own tastes and opinions as he. Again, it is ludicrously supposed that the reader is always disposed for rejection, whereas the very meaning and intention of his office is judicious acceptance. How can it be otherwise? What is the use of one's being at the receipt of custom if there are no customers? Or, just as language is said to have been invented to conceal our

thoughts, is it supposed that publishers exist for the purpose of discouraging publication? One remedy for rejection is evidently most agreeable to its proposer, and suggests to him a vista of enjoyment—namely, that all readers for publishers should be known by name to the public, doubtless with the benevolent object of preventing the wrong man from being tarred and feathered. I really am afraid that, always with the exception of art, there is more absolute rubbish written about the ways and methods of literature than on any other subject in the world.

Some opponent of local option (as I conclude) has been so good as to send me a copy of the *Llano Times*, Texas, with an official statement such as we may expect to see any day in this country, if the measure is carried, in metropolitan newspapers. "Act 378. If any person shall keep or run, or shall be in any manner interested in keeping or running a blind tiger . . . he shall be punished by confinement in the county jail not less than two nor more than twelve months, and by a fine of not less than one hundred or more than five hundred dollars." This seems to deal harsh measure to a benevolent act, and one which commends itself to all lovers of animals. To keep a blind tiger or to run it (which one supposes means daily exercise) is surely a very kind thing to do, though it may be preferable, because less dangerous, than to keep a tiger, and especially to run one, that can see. But my correspondent explains that a blind tiger "within the meaning of the Act" is any place "in which intoxicating liquors are sold by any device whereby the party selling the same is concealed from the party buying."

This little Western paper is intensely funny, but differs altogether from the provincial journal of this country. It does not dictate to Germany, or offer (before it is too late) a word of advice to France. Indeed, it does not seem conscious of the existence of Europe. It is local and neighbourly. It has several leading articles, or leaderettes, but no less than three of them are commendations of somebody's colic remedy, which is introduced not as in this country—as a murder or a miracle, until you come to the last line—but begins with great frankness and simplicity with a personal statement: "Elder S. S. Barrow, of MacAllisterville, Juniata County, Pa., says his wife is subject to cramp in the stomach." Natural history is not neglected: "The ocean contains," we are told, "several fish which clothe or adorn themselves, the most conspicuous of which is the antennarius, a small fish frequenting the Sargasso Sea, which literally clothes itself with seaweed, fastening the pieces together with sticky, gelatinous strings, and then holding the garment on with its forefins." This holding on one's clothes and swimming at the same time is a novelty to me; but, after all, it is the local information in the *Llano Times* that is most delightful. This is how a house is advertised in that interesting city: "Restitution! My beautiful residence on East Sandstone Street, South Llano, two blocks from Court House, for sale, at a bargain. Reason: I want to pay my debts.—George C. Stables."

I have no intention of putting a "juvenile column" into these notes till I find myself in my second childhood; nevertheless, a child's story, which I overheard when supposed to be asleep the other day in the sun, should hardly be left untold. It was narrated by a female novelist of seven years old to a still younger friend, and was, beyond all doubt, an extemporaneous production: "There were once two teeth, and they lived at the back of a man's head, and never saw the world, and they were very sad and dull, and they said to each other, 'Let us ache,' so they ached, and the man said, 'I must go to the dentist, and the teeth were very glad. So he went to the dentist, and he said, 'These teeth must come out.' And the teeth jumped for joy in the man's head, for they knew they would at last see the world. So the dentist took them out and laid them on the table, and the teeth sprang up while the man was still in the chair, and they ran down the street to a baker's shop, and stuck themselves into buns."

Whether the little lady will redeem the promise of her youth in the way of story-telling is not to be foretold. I am a story-teller myself (Heaven forgive me!) and have no wish for her of that kind, but it is generally this way the gift comes, or rather can be traced. There is nothing in youth that can be relied on to come to anything so much as this early talent for improvisation; to gain an audience of one's contemporaries and especially of those who are our familiars (and therefore see nothing remarkable in us) is a feat at any age. And the rarest of all attributes in the young is that of humour. (If "Let us ache" is not in that category I am a Dutchman, which is not the case). Their fun, where it is not involuntary, has mostly to be supplied for them. It is much more often the case that they are wise than witty. I came the other day, in an old book on a touching instance (though she knew it not) of a little girl's wisdom. Her mother had bade her pray that her grandmother might live to be very old. "But she is very old," observed the child, looking at the esteemed relative in question, and doubtless noting her infirmities, "I will rather pray that she may become young." However sanguine such a course may appear, there was surely common-sense in it, and a very proper reproof as well.

The great Vienna weather prophet has decided that we shall have some rain in the current month. This is very possible; for though when a penny turns up tails ten times running it is just as likely to turn tail again, it is not the same with the weather. It will be a poor proof, even if it turns out right, of his prophetic powers. He explains his previous failures by the altered temperature of the Gulf Stream. Poor old Gulf Stream! She was the favourite topic of our cheap scientific periodicals, but of late has fallen into disrepute. The Professor is evidently a little sore; and since the weather has treated him so scurvily proposes to take up cabalistic writings and secret symbolism for his new subject. One can talk about them to any extent without being brought face to face with facts. It is curious that the weather prophets have never cited Holy Writ in favour of their vaticinations, though indeed it is the hypocrites who are there quoted as being endowed with this gift, and only for twenty-four hours.

In the United States there is a Salvation Army of course, only more so. Its open-air preachers are not content with the attraction of "the tongs and bones"; science is pressed into the service. The effect of freezing roses in blocks of ice is a device adopted by a certain purveyor of soda water in Broadway to attract his customers, and a very pretty device it is. A Salvationist preacher has borrowed the idea for his own purposes—and spoilt it. He exhibits "open Bibles frozen in blocks of ice." This is, if not utterly meaningless, inappropriate, and irreverent to the last degree; as an appeal to religious feeling it seems to strike the very lowest note of vulgarity that has yet been reached, but, on the other hand, it makes no sound, and is so far preferable to the big drum.

When a friend after a longish narrative says, just as we are moving away, "But hear the sequel," our knees are loosened with dismay. We feel that we are quite content with the story as it stands, and that to add to it would be to spoil it. This is the case with even a good story. Not satisfied with "Paradise Lost," though its best friends do not account brevity as one of its virtues, Milton must give us "Paradise Regained"; and Defoe, not content with a happy parting from Robinson Crusoe on his island, must needs carry on his adventures upon the mainland. There is a novelist, unhappily not alive, but too near our own times to be mentioned, who has attempted the same thing with the like result. There are some who say that they prefer these sequels to the original; but there are none who believe them. It is to be observed that the writing of a sequel is not the same as retaining the same characters in different stories, which has sometimes been attended, as in Anthony Trollope's case, with success. This is thought by some people rather a "bumptious" thing to do, inasmuch as it takes for granted that we are acquainted with an author's previous works; but it has its advantages, at all events to the author, who is saved the trouble of making what is called in Debrett "new creations," and is at liberty to start at once with his ready-made hero and heroine, without the usual introductions. In both cases, however, he must make up his mind to endure comparisons, which, as the proverb tells us, are odious. In a sequel there is a greater probability of disapproval, because the reader, if he has been interested in the first part of an author's story, has already probably finished it, where it seemed to lack conclusion, for himself, and in a different way.

It was with a full knowledge of these difficulties and dangers, we may be sure, that Mr. Stevenson sat down to give us in "Catriona" a sequel to "Kidnapped," and he had an excuse for the proceeding, which other great storytellers have not had, inasmuch as the first part of his story has had no heroine. Just as Queen Elizabeth, as we are told, was so favourably impressed with Falstaff that she laid her commands on Shakspeare to paint for her that jovial knight in love, which he accordingly did (with, alas! the usual fate of sequels) in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," so might the public have been reasonably supposed to be curious to know how Mr. David Balfour would comport himself under the influence of the tender passion. It is more probable, however, that our author, for his own part, felt there was this deficiency in his former work, and wrote the present one to please himself. This is, after all, as good a reason for writing as any, and as likely to secure good results. It is indeed the obvious hold that David has upon his paternal affections that has enabled his creator to perform with success a feat in which so many have failed. His sequel has been produced so naturally that it only reads like a second volume; it is as though a house had from stress of circumstances been built upon a smaller scale than we should have preferred, when there comes a cunning architect and supplies us with the very additions we desired, without even a join being discernible. "Catriona" is not so full of adventure as "Kidnapped"; does not hold us so breathless with excitement; but is in other respects quite as admirable. A more life-like description of the times it represents we look for in vain outside the pages of Walter Scott, whom, indeed, in this book Mr. Stephen more resembles than in any other of his productions. The Lord Advocate and Simon Fraser might be hung in the same gallery with the best of Sir Walter's portraits, and the visitor be well excused for not perceiving they were by another hand.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

MR. A. W. PINERO AND MYSELF.

I sincerely regret to find that I have given my excellent friend Mr. Pinero "cause for very great uneasiness." There is no writer for the stage for whom I have a more profound admiration than for Mr. Pinero. If he will turn to the reviews of his plays that I have written, from the early days of "Daisy's Escape" to the polished and mature period of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," I do not honestly think he can charge me with any want of appreciation of his distinguished talent. If I could not always conscientiously maintain that some of his plays were perfect, I do not think I have ever failed to admire his brilliance of effect, his attitude of daring, or his perfection of workmanship. The honest praise and care that I have bestowed on such plays of his as "Sweet Lavender," "The Profligate," "The Magistrate," "Dandy Dick," and innumerable other works should surely acquit me of "prejudice, spite, contempt, and ridicule" when I differ from his doubtless earnest policy in connection with such disputed works as "Lady Bountiful" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." But it has been the experience of a long critical life to find that the praise earnestly bestowed on a struggling man is never allowed to outweigh the difference conscientiously expressed concerning a successful one!

Having accidentally discovered the other day that Paul Lindau, the German dramatist, and Arthur Pinero, the English dramatic author, had based two valuable plays on the same "root-idea," I proceeded—and I maintain that I had every right so to do—to discuss what appeared to me to be a "strange coincidence." I proceeded at first to allude to this "coincidence" in a spirit of pure banter and chaff, and I regret that my apparently heavy-handed humour did not commend itself to Mr. Pinero's delicate sense of fun. I contended that the two plays were accidentally so alike that the German version of the story was necessarily shut out from English consideration. I had no intention, nor have I any intention, nor ever had I any remote intention, of charging Mr. Pinero with plagiarism, and I will prove it. Directly a writer in the *Evening News and Post* suggested faintly that I had charged Mr. Pinero with plagiarism I wrote off to the editor of the paper by the next post, and assured him that no such idea was in my mind, and that I had the highest respect for Mr. Pinero's talent and sense of honour. This I did unasked and unthreatened. Anxious to show how innocent I was of such a charge, I took the trouble, within a few hours, to send to France for a copy of Emile Augier's "Mariage d'Olympe," which was said to have a remote resemblance to the disputed plays, and I proved, as I thought conclusively, that the plays had nothing whatever in common. This I did out of respect for Mr. Pinero—one of the few dramatic authors who has been from first to last on a consistently amicable and cordial footing with me—and this, again, I did unasked and unthreatened. In the very last number of *The Illustrated London News*, again unasked and unthreatened, after analysing to the best of my ability the German and English plays, I made use of these words: "Mr. Pinero has, in the frankest and most candid manner, declared that neither directly nor indirectly has he ever heard of Lindau's play or its story. If he had done so, he would have acknowledged it. No one doubts it."

But notwithstanding these three distinct and emphatic disclaimers, I receive a letter from Mr. Pinero's solicitors—who happen to be my own solicitors, though they have apparently forgotten the brave and successful battles they have fought for me—who say "It is clear that by that article the writer held Mr. Pinero up to public ridicule and contempt as a plagiarist who has stolen the plot of his play, 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,' from the play of 'Der Schatten.'" I am then called upon in the curtest fashion, as if mere journalists were utterly beneath the dignity of dramatists, to publish under my name a complete retraction of this charge, together with an expression of regret for having made it. Failing this, I and my proprietors also are threatened with an action for libel. I have already three times in the most public manner possible denied that I ever made such a charge or intended to make such a charge. This I did without any threat of actions or question of damages. I do so again for the fourth time. But I do not see how I can retract a charge I have never made, or regret doing what I have never done. But I at the same time extremely regret that I have caused Mr. Pinero any annoyance in the matter, and I regret also unfeignedly, which is no doubt the head and front of my offending, that I cannot conscientiously hold that "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," however brilliant, is of good augury for the future of the English stage. I am in a minority. I cannot help it. But my opinions, such as they are, must be classed as honest opinions, and not to be apologised for, or changed, when I am threatened with the law for the expression of such honest opinions. Further than this I do not see how I can go, for I have my own profession to fight for equally with Mr. Pinero, who quite as sensitively and quite as honourably fights for his. This is not the first time in my career of thirty-three years as a journalist that my conscientious opinions conscientiously expressed have been threatened with the power of the law by managers, actors, and dramatists, who first court my comments and then combat them under the plea of "contempt and ridicule." On this plea every conscientious criticism is technically a libel in the eyes of the law.

I would respectfully remind Mr. Pinero that there was a time, some twenty-five years ago, when the "old school" was the "new school" of dramatic thought. I resisted threats then at great personal cost and mental annoyance. Actuated by the same motives I resist threats now—when I feel that I have been misinterpreted and misunderstood, and when, after fighting the battles of the stage for a lifetime, I am lectured by a young dramatist as if I were a naughty school-boy. I am perfectly certain that the new school, whose members are as conscientious as the old, would not applaud me for encouraging any system that would coerce and alarm writers who are young at their work, who are powerless to resist oppression, and who have not weathered so many storms as I have.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PROFESSOR BURDON SANDERSON.

The President of the British Association of Science this year at Nottingham, Professor John Scott Burdon Sanderson, M.D., F.R.S., who occupies the chair of Physiology at the University of Oxford, has for more than twenty years past been recognised as an eminent authority in those practically useful and philosophically interesting studies which have to do with animal life. He is a native of Newcastle-on-Tyne, born in December 1828, and was educated at Edinburgh University. As



PROFESSOR BURDON SANDERSON, F.R.S.,
PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

a physician practising in London, holding the post of Medical Officer of Health for Paddington, he for ten years rendered valuable service to sanitary reform. He was physician to the Middlesex Hospital and to the Hospital for Consumption at Brompton. In 1871, when the Brown Institution at Vauxhall was established for the study of the diseases of domestic animals, Dr. Burdon Sanderson was appointed its Professor and Superintendent. He had already, since 1865, been employed by Royal Commissions of Inquiry in making special investigations concerning the cattle plague, also to report on the influence of extreme heat on the health of factory workers, and on an epidemic of cerebral and spinal meningitis in North Germany, to the Medical Officer of the Privy Council. His contributions to the Royal Society include many papers of high scientific value.

HOME RULE IN THE LORDS.

After a four-nights debate the House of Lords rejected the second reading of the Home Rule Bill by the enormous majority of 378. Only forty-one peers supported the Government in a House of 460. Twenty-six prelates, including the two Archbishops, voted in the majority, and the Bishop of Ripon spoke strongly against the Bill. The second reading was moved by Earl Spencer, and the Opposition amendment by the Duke of Devonshire. Throughout the debate the Conservative benches were densely crowded, while there were many gaps of red in the seats behind the Ministers, a circumstance which caused Lord Rosebery to remark that the Government benches in the House did not swarm with Irish peers, or, indeed, with peers of any kind. The side galleries were filled with peeresses, whose absorption in the discussion

prevented many of them from going home to change their dress before dinner. On the steps of the throne there was a numerous contingent of her Majesty's Commons; conspicuous among whom were Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain. By general admission, the finest speech in the Lords' debate on the Home Rule Bill was made by the Duke of Argyll, who fully sustained his reputation as the orator of the Upper House. Lord Rosebery was entertaining and audacious—too entertaining for some of the serious spirits in the Liberal party. The Lord Chancellor conducted his argument with great skill, but he was heavy and uninspiring. The two wittiest things in the debate were said by Lord Rosebery and Lord Salisbury. Speaking of an Irish peer who had told the House that he knew all about Ireland, the Foreign Secretary retorted, "But what does Ireland know about the noble lord?" Lord Salisbury genially bantered Lord Ribblesdale about his confessions. "We have had many interesting confessions, from Augustine to Rousseau, and from Rousseau to Lord Ribblesdale." It is one of the advantages of the Lords over the Commons that there is less of the purely Parliamentary mummery among the peers. Noble lords address one another by their names. Ladies sit on the floor of the House and clap their hands when so minded. Belted earls lounge on the red ottomans in the middle of the floor, or stroll about near the Bar. The Lord Chancellor never reproves anyone, and nobody rises to order. During Lord Salisbury's speech (facilitated by mineral water out of a large bottle), the House presented a pictorial appearance quite unique of its kind. The electric light is scarcely suitable to this beautiful Chamber, with its elaborate roof, its statues of the Barons of Runnymede and Magna Charta, and its tinted windows; but when the sun shines through the glass upon the red benches and the gay dresses in the galleries, the effect is singularly pleasing.

SIMS REEVES'S REAPPEARANCE.

Mr. Sims Reeves has returned to the concert stage, despite the public "farewell" of a year or two ago. The farewells of singers are like the "more last words of Richard Baxter." Judging from the welcome which greeted Mr. Sims Reeves's reappearance at the Promenade Concerts, the public do not exact consistency in this respect from their favourites. Though seventy-one years old, the famous tenor can still sing "Tom Bowling" and "Come into the Garden, Maud," in a style which excites his audience to enthusiasm. It would be idle to pretend that the voice is what it was a generation or so ago, but the phrasing is still incomparable. Mr. Sims Reeves remains chief among the very few singers who can articulate their words with all the effect of fine elocution. He exercises a charm which has never been equalled by any other tenor in our time. They come and go, these tenors, but the veteran who sang in "Lucia di Lammermoor" at Drury Lane forty-six years ago still enjoys a fame which is unapproachable. To look back on Mr. Sims Reeves's career is to wander in the melodious groves of ancient musical history. In 1839 he was singing at Newcastle as a baritone. His first appearance as a tenor was made at La Scala in Milan as Edgardo. He had original parts in Balfe's "Maid of Honour" and Macfarren's "Robin Hood." But it is in oratorio and in ballads that he has made a lasting impression on the public taste. At Exeter Hall, the Crystal Palace, and the great provincial festivals he was for many years supreme. Something in the quality of his voice, and a good deal more in the manner, which is in itself a musical education, endeared him to the popular heart. No artist has ever exercised such a sway over the ear of a nation. And a superb artist Sims Reeves still remains, a Grand Old Man of melody, whose return to the scenes of his triumphs is hailed with acclaim, and without any captious reminders of the farewell poems and other demonstrations on a certain night in May at the Albert Hall two years ago.

A DUTCH FISHING VILLAGE.

Despite the zeal with which Dutch sketch-books have been filled, there yet remain many more old, out-of-the-way, and comparatively unvisited corners of Holland which are full of delight to holiday-makers in search of the picturesque. Of these old-world spots none is more interesting in its way than Volendam, the little fishing village on the Zuyder Zee, of which we publish this week a page of sketches by Mr. George C. Haité. Volendam is not quite like those "Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee," of which we have heard so much. Volendam has a character of its own—a fresh, original, and unconventional character, which is highly pleasing after a scamper along the hackneyed and familiar routes of the tourist. Although Volendam lies close to the island of Marken and within easy reach of Amsterdam, it is but little visited, tourists seldom getting farther than Monnikendam and Edam. Yet in few of the little villages in the neighbourhood can the primitive life of fisherfolk be better observed. This tiny but prosperous village owns a fleet of more than three hundred fishing-boats, which are constantly engaged in fishing either in the Zuyder Zee itself or in the vaster waters of the North Sea. To watch the return of this fleet from the week's work is a charming and memorable sight. The boats come into port on Saturday mornings, and cast anchor by twos and threes, until the harbour, which during the week is silent and almost deserted, becomes a busy and crowded quay. On Monday morning, betimes, the "fleet" is again on the horizon, and before it returns some of the boats will have disposed of their catch at Lowestoft and other ports.

THE COLLIERIES STRIKES AND RIOTS.

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

Since Saturday, Sept. 9, the presence of large additional forces of military and police at various places in the South Yorkshire, West Riding, Derbyshire, and Nottinghamshire colliery districts has prevented any renewal of the riots and acts of violence that took place in the preceding days. They began on Tuesday, Sept. 5, at the Hoylands Silkstone and Rockingham collieries near Barnsley, in Yorkshire, and in Derbyshire, some eight or ten miles south of Chesterfield, at the Shirland colliery, in the neighbourhood of Alfreton. This is on the border of Nottinghamshire, into which county the disturbance spread to Sutton-in-Ashfield and Hucknall Torkard, which are situated between Nottingham and Mansfield. On Thursday, Sept. 7, a formidable riot took place at the New Watnall Pit, belonging to Messrs. Barker, Walker, and Co., five miles from Hucknall. A large body of colliers armed with thick sticks, pieces of steel, iron bars, and other weapons, proceeded to the colliery. The small body of police on duty was powerless against them, and the rioters set to work to destroy everything within their reach. The telegraph and telephone wires were cut; the offices, weighing-room, and other buildings, as well as some railway trucks, were fired; the weighing machine was destroyed; altogether, the damage to property was very great. At length a reinforcement of police arrived on the scene, accompanied by a magistrate, who read the Riot Act; and, after some time, succeeded in driving back the rioters, seven of whom were arrested.

In Yorkshire, meanwhile, the disorders which had begun in the collieries between Rotherham and Barnsley extended northward into the valley of the Aire, breaking out most violently at Featherstone, in the neighbourhood of Pontefract, on Sept. 7, when the attack on the Acton Hall Pit took place, which is related on another page. The whole district to the east of Leeds and Wakefield was kept in alarm for several days by local acts of violence, apparently forming part of a connected plan of campaign, being usually perpetrated by large bands of men with cudgels

marking from one place to another. Detachments of infantry and cavalry were sent to those towns, especially to Wakefield, as well as to Barnsley, Sheffield, and Nottingham; also large numbers of the Metropolitan Police, by order of the Home Secretary.

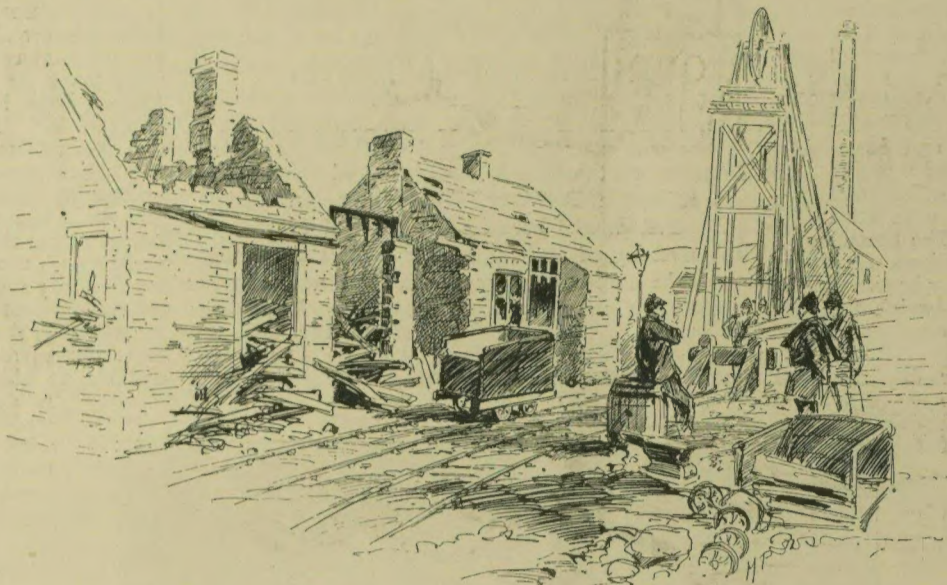
There are 253 collieries in the West Riding, and the

Strike the riverside clergy in East London, and I with them, went heartily with the dockers, and did what we could for them. But what can we do now? I have constantly spoken in warm terms of the Yorkshire miners, but what can one say for those who wantonly destroy property, who terrorise a neighbourhood, and who would endanger innocent lives? I know perfectly well that the best men are heartily ashamed of these things. Their best leaders have condemned such acts of violence. Surely it is time to submit the dispute to arbitration. It is the natural and reasonable way of settling such matters. We are trying in international disputes to substitute arbitration for war. Do our miners really believe that war is better than arbitration?"

It is stated that there is a possibility of the coal strike being settled at the Federation Conference on Thursday, Sept. 14. If the men's representatives will agree to split the difference—that is, to accept a reduction of $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. off the previous advance of 40 per cent., there is reason to believe that the strike would speedily be terminated. The Coalowners' Federation has issued a statement from which it appears that in 1888, and from that date to 1890, wages were advanced 40 per cent. altogether, and that they now propose a reduction

of $17\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. on the present rate of wages. This would be 15 per cent. higher than the rate before the advance begun in 1888.

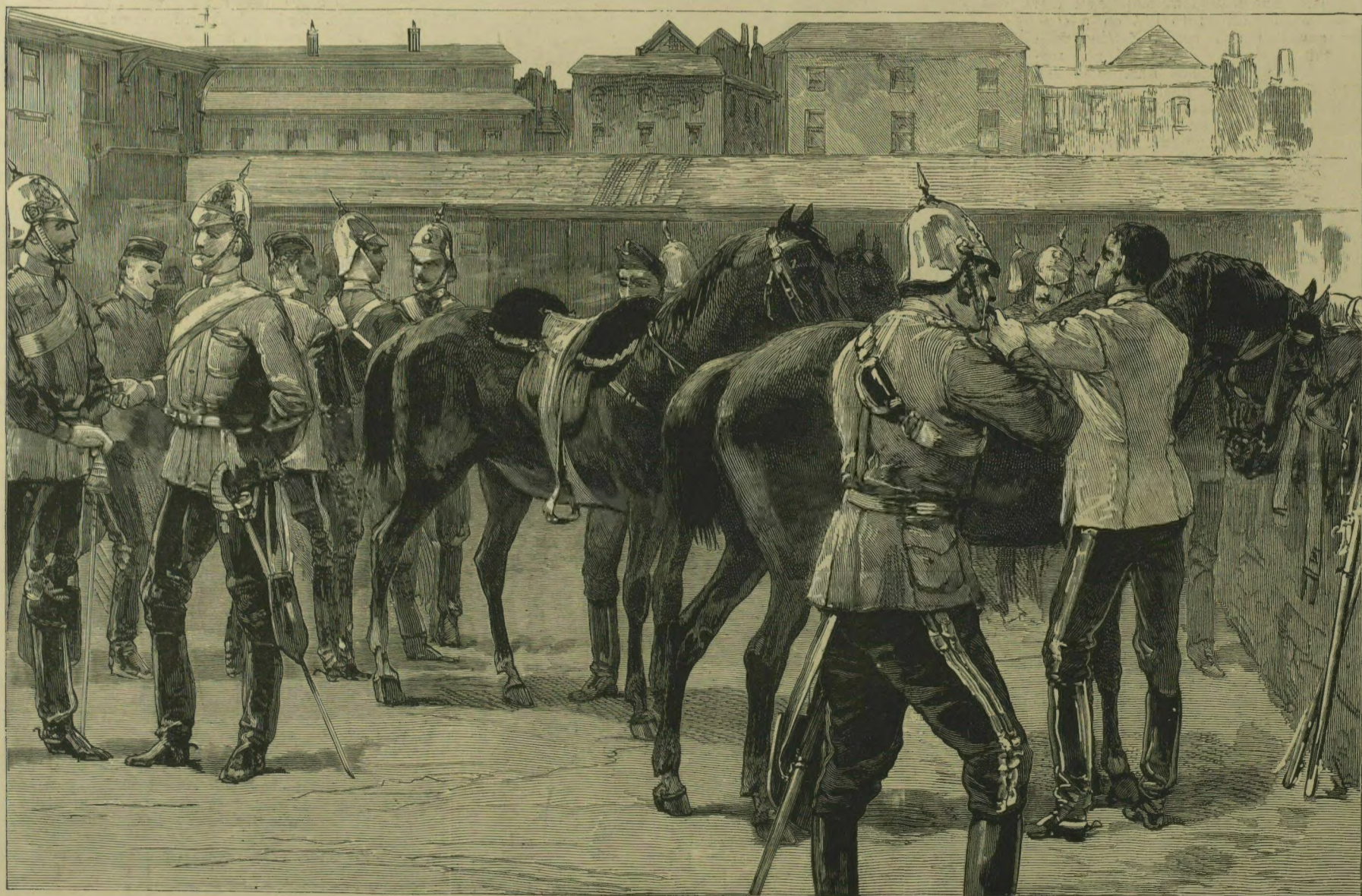
The people who disapprove of the strike most emphatically, and who are the principal sufferers, are the women. We hear that it is on them that falls the burden of providing food for the men, and that they are being compelled to sell their furniture and kitchen utensils, in some cases the clothes off their backs. Soup-kitchens have been opened for the relief of the starving families. In several districts bands of women solicit donations of the charitably disposed. A crowd of some hundreds of women and children, who were begging, were invited by the owner of a cabbage field to help themselves, and it was soon bare.



DAMAGE DONE BY THE RIOTERS AT THE NEW WATNALL PIT, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

number of miners at work in them before the strike began, some six weeks ago, was 80,971. For six weeks all these men have been idle. In a single section of the area over which the strife is now proceeding, immediately around Wakefield, there are thirty large collieries not working.

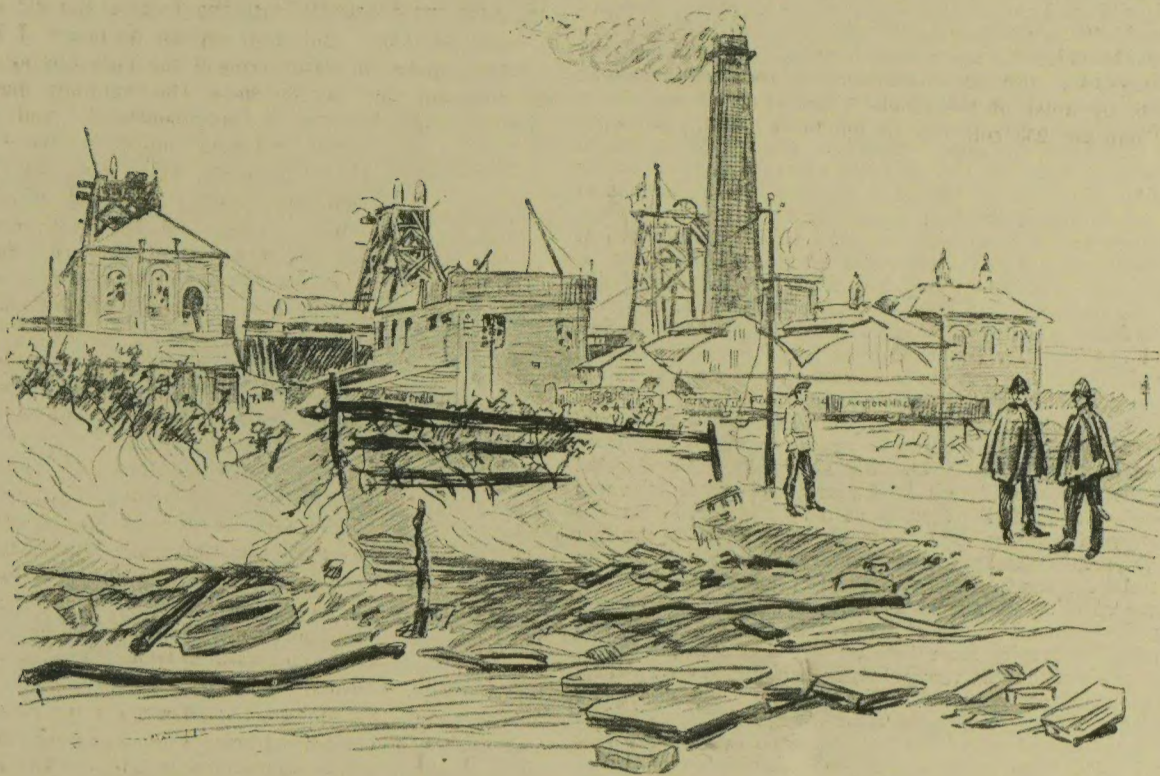
The Bishop of Wakefield has issued an appeal, in which he says, "I should be very silly if I were to give an opinion on the merits of the dispute with the coalowners, for I have no means of judging. All I can say is that I think the miners deserve the best wages that can be given, and I never hear anybody say otherwise. What wages can be given I do not know; but one would like to sympathise with the men. In the great Dockers'



ARRIVAL OF THE 6TH DRAGOON GUARDS AT WAKEFIELD, YORKSHIRE.

THE COLLIERIES STRIKES AND RIOTS.

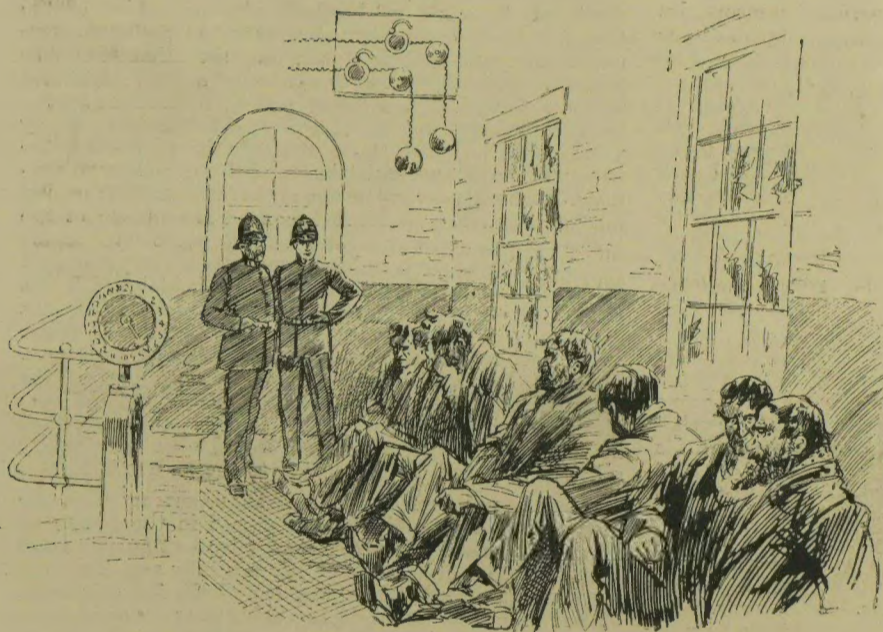
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.



ACTON HALL COLLIERY, NEAR PONTEFRAC, YORKSHIRE.



A MINER OF ATHLETIC FAME.



PRISONERS AT NEW WATNALL, AWAITING A STRONG CONVOY.



POLICE QUARTERS AT MESSRS. BARKER AND WALKER'S PIT, NEW WATNALL.



TYPES OF YORKSHIRE COLLIERS.

PERSONAL.

The Government of Marshal Floriano Peixoto, President of the Brazilian Republic, has been attacked by a naval squadron, consisting of one ironclad, one cruiser, two gun-boats, and two torpedo-boats, in the bay of Rio de Janeiro, commanded by the rebel Admiral Custodio José de Mello. Foreign trade is put to some inconvenience by the blockade of the port; but, as the fortress of Santa Cruz is held

MARSHAL FLORIANO PEIXOTO, OF BRAZIL.

by the President's troops, and a bombardment of the city will not be permitted by the admirals of foreign squadrons, it is doubtful whether a revolution can be effected so long as Peixoto commands the military force on shore. Not quite two years have passed, however, since his predecessor, Marshal Deodoro da Fonseca, was deposed by the same Admiral Mello with a very similar demonstration of naval force, which had, as in the present instance, been preceded by an insurrection in the province of Rio Grande do Sul. Peixoto was then Vice-President, and became President on the overthrow of Fonseca. It is curious that the present crisis has arisen out of his action in having vetoed a law recently passed by Congress to forbid a Vice-President becoming President. The Presidential term of office is four years, as in the United States of America, and if Peixoto now succeeds in overcoming the present attack he has over two years more of executive power before him. He is a man of much determination and great personal bravery. In his domestic life he has very simple tastes, and he is said to be carefully saving and investing in Europe the greater portion of the moderate salary allowed him by his country.

Worcester has had a lively week, as the place of the Three Choirs Festival, described elsewhere in these pages. Lovely weather prevailed, and the town, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion, was filled with visitors, including four Bishops. At the opening service on Sunday an eloquent sermon was preached by the Dean, the festal "Te Deum" and Jubilate in D being composed expressly by the conductor of the Festival, Mr. Hugh Blair. Although not very ambitious, Mr. Blair's work made a favourable impression. The rehearsals on Monday were of a thorough character, and were attended by the principal vocalists. Dr. Parry's new orchestral piece was loudly applauded, and seems likely to add to his already high reputation. The actual commencement of the Festival on Tuesday was accompanied by the arrival of large numbers of visitors from the neighbourhood. The Mayor of Worcester did not give a public breakfast, as has sometimes been done on Tuesday morning, but entertained throughout the week luncheon parties at the Guildhall. On each day, as is usual, the Holy Communion was administered in the Cathedral at 8 a.m., and matins were sung by the Worcester choir at 9.30.

A large audience was attracted by the never-failing popularity of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" on Tuesday. Through the crowded congregation the Bishop's procession wended its way like a white stream in the midst of a garden, for the ladies had donned costumes appropriate to the warmth of the weather. The sunbeams streamed in from the high windows, and made a lace-work of light, and the old building looked its brightest. The opening chorus showed the finely balanced quality of the choir. Through their rendering of "The harvest now is over, the summer days are gone," one seemed to hear the lovely laughter of the "wind-swayed wheat" of which Miss Ingelow sings. The duet between Miss Anna Williams and Madame Belle Cole, "Zion spreadeth her Hands," was not quite such a success. The necessary accord was lacking, Madame Cole appearing for the first time at these festivals. Mr. Lloyd gave his accustomed beautiful rendering to "Ye people, rend your hearts." The double quartet "For He shall give His angels" was harmonious, and Madame Cole's recitative "Now Cherith's brook" was carefully delivered. The success of the morning was Mr. Watkin Mills's interpretation of the prophet's part, reviving memories of Mr. Santley's triumphs in this rôle, although he lacks the sarcasm employed by the veteran singer in "Call Him louder." He was specially excellent in the recitative and air commencing "Draw near, all ye people." Miss Jessie King added to her reputation by her sympathetic rendering of "Woe unto them." To praise Miss Anna Williams and Mr. Lloyd is superfluous.

The second part of the "Elijah" performance was a decided advance in merit. The choir was much more effective and the orchestral accompaniment more delicate. Madame Albani did not win unqualified praise, for in the trios the prima donna's voice predominated too powerfully. Mr. Lloyd repeated an old success in "Then shall the righteous," and Mr. Watkin Mills was unimpeachable. Madame Belle Cole's rendering of "O Rest in the Lord" was careful, but had not much inspiration. With Beethoven's grand Symphony No. 7 the evening service began. It was played with much care. The pianissimo passages could not have been improved. "Israel in Egypt," with certain omissions, followed. There were scores of seats vacant in the cathedral. The choir sang very steadily, save for one false start, and the usual effect was made with the Hailstone Chorus. The duet

"The Lord is a Man of War" was rendered splendidly by Mr. W. H. Brereton and Mr. Ineson. Mr. Lloyd gave "The enemy said" finely. Miss Anna Williams and Madame Cole also sang. Mr. Lee Williams was at the organ.

The appointment of the Rev. E. A. Stuart, the popular Vicar of St. James's, Holloway, to the important living of St. Matthew's, Bayswater, will occasion no surprise. Mr. Stuart has for some time been regarded as one of the ablest of the younger school of Evangelical clergymen in London, and the traditions of St. Matthew's are essentially Evangelical. Mr. Stuart is a Cambridge man, graduating in 1876 from St. John's College. His curate days were passed in Norwich, but in 1879, when he was still under thirty, the Vicar of Islington brought him to London to succeed Bishop Boyd Carpenter as Vicar of St. James's, Holloway. The appointment was in the nature of an experiment, for Mr. Stuart was an untried man, but he was not long before he more than justified the choice of his patron. The church, which holds 2000, was soon crowded out, and overflow services were held. As a preacher and speaker Mr. Stuart is *par excellence*. He draws hundreds of City men in the busiest part of the day to his Thursday lectures at St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, while at a missionary meeting at Exeter Hall he has been known to speak with thrilling effect to audiences numbering from 3000 to 4000. He is, and has always been, a devoted adherent of the Church Missionary Society, and he was selected to preach the sermon at a special service for the society in St. Paul's. This was shortly after the erection of the reredos, and many of the more extreme Low Church members of the C. M. S. objected to the service being held there at all. They were, however, considerably mollified by the course Mr. Stuart took. He not only abstained during the service from turning to the east in the Creed, but in his sermon he vindicated, with significant emphasis, the Protestant character of the Church of England. The sermon, it was said, gave great offence to the cathedral authorities, and the society has not since held a service at St. Paul's. The services at St. James's, Holloway, are of a very simple type. There is not even a choir. "No," said Mr. Stuart once, in reference to this matter, "we have no stated choir; our congregation is our choir"; and the singing in unison of those 2000 people is said to produce one of the most impressive effects to be met with in any church in London.

Death has been very busy among Mr. Stanley's comrades in the most famous of his expeditions. Surgeon-Major



THE LATE SURGEON-MAJOR T. H. PARKE.

Parke has followed Bartelot, Stairs, and Nelson to the land of shadows. Dr. Parke's sudden death can be regretted by no one more than his old chief. Mr. Stanley is not a man prone to "gush," and his eloquent tributes to Parke's character and services in Africa betray a very deep feeling. There is little doubt that the explorer owed his life to the skill of the young surgeon, and he has lost no opportunity of testifying his gratitude. "This expedition," wrote Mr. Stanley in "Darkest Africa," "possesses the rarest doctor in the world. No country in Europe can produce his equal, in my opinion. There may be many more learned, perhaps, more skilful, older or younger, as the case may be, but the best of them have something to learn from our doctor. He is such a combination of sweetness and simplicity. We are all bound to him with cords of love. We have seen him do so much out of pure love for his 'cases' that human nature becomes ennobled by this gem. He is tenderness itself!" Everybody who knew Dr. Parke was struck by the manliness and modesty of his character. He had won distinction before he joined Mr. Stanley, for he accompanied the Nile Expedition for the relief of Khartoum, and was present at Abu Klea as a member of the Army Medical Staff. Dr. Parke, who was a native of Drumona, in Ireland, and educated in Dublin, was only thirty-six years of age. To the literature of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition he contributed a volume of personal experiences.

Lord Denman is much concerned about the Home Rule Bill. He does not think that the majority against the second reading has given the measure its quietus. By a quaint technicality, it was decided that the Bill should be read a second time "that day six months," and Lord Denman is distressed to think that on the appointed date in March next, Earl Spencer may calmly rise and call upon their Lordships to fulfil their pledge and pass the Bill. Lord Denman devotes an extraordinary amount of patience and ingenuity to the discovery of mare's nests. He has a bitter complaint against the newspapers, who have a habit of interpolating in their Parliamentary reports the formula, "After a few words from Lord Denman." So far from daunting him, this neglect acts as a spur to his activity, and no man in public life serves his country with greater or less appreciated zeal.

The alleged case of cholera which caused a momentary scare at the House of Commons has led to some difference of opinion among the medical experts. According to the bacteriologists the cleaner in the House who died was undoubtedly suffering from Asiatic cholera, but other authorities declare that this opinion has shaken their faith in bacteriology. The woman appears to have suffered

from choleraic symptoms regularly every summer. It cannot be said that the case, whatever it was, has excited any panic in the public mind, for the Strangers' Gallery has been nearly full every night, despite the unattractiveness of debates in Supply.

The compatibility of Christian piety with the studies of the scientific naturalist—a theme on which the late Canon



Photo by Lambert and Co., Bath.

THE LATE REV. L. BLOMEFIELD.

Charles Kingsley fondly and earnestly descanted—has been exemplified by the lives and secondary pursuits of several good clergymen in the English Church. One of these was the late Rev. Leonard Blomefield, whose name originally was Jenyns, and who died at Bath, on Sept. 1, at the venerable

age of ninety-one. The personal details of his life and his scientific accomplishments were dwelt upon in our last issue, but we are glad to be able to add his portrait to our Valhalla. On the occasion of the marriage of Mr. A. J. Webbe (the well-known Middlesex cricketer) a handsome pair of solid silver jardinières will be presented him by the members of the team, subscribed for by them and their friends. The wedding takes place on Oct. 24, and the testimonial will be on view for ten days at the show-rooms of the manufacturers, the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, W.

The French army has sustained a severe loss by the death of General de Miribel, who as Chief of the General Staff occupied in France a position more important, because more stable, than the Minister of War himself. General de Miribel came of a good Legitimist military stock, both his father and three brothers having been soldiers, and since he left the École Polytechnique forty years ago he had seen active service in three great wars, the Crimean, the Franco-Austrian, and Franco-German conflicts. Born sixty-two years ago at the Château de Wors, not far from Grenoble, De Miribel received his baptism of fire in the Crimea, and was wounded three years later at the battle of Magenta, where his conspicuous bravery attracted Napoleon the Third's attention, and ultimately led to his being asked to take part in the disastrous Mexican campaign; he was again wounded at the assault of Puebla, and retired on sick leave as officer of the Legion of Honour. In 1868 De Miribel was invited to form part of the International Commission charged to report on explosive engines of war. The inquiry was conducted in St. Petersburg, and there De Miribel was finally asked to stay as Military Attaché to the French Embassy.

Had it not been for the Franco-German War, De Miribel would probably have remained in the diplomatic service, for which his many-sided talents singularly fitted him. But the declaration of war naturally saw him once more under arms, and he was one of the few successful officers in the numberless skirmishes which took place round Paris during the eventful months which followed his return from Prussia. At Buzenval, Champigny, and Bourget he fought with reckless bravery, but escaped without a scratch, and it has since been a bitter regret to the Imperial authorities that he was not given an important command at the outbreak of the war; as it was, De Miribel did not get his colonelcy till after all was over, and the final recognition awarded him was directly owing to Gambetta. General de Miribel was a tall, fine-looking man, full of vigour and capable of rare physical endurance. His official duties kept him in Paris most of the year, but he was never so happy as when leading the life of a country gentleman at Chatelard, near where he was riding when the accident occurred which led to his death.

Amongst the curiosities of taste the passion for self-exhibition at the Morgue must hold a conspicuous place. The principal keeper of the Morgue, who is retiring from his post, is said to have had many applications from persons eager to figure as corpses on the slabs of the Parisian dead-house. They were deterred by the official announcement that the temperature of the bodies was kept some degrees below zero. If this discomfort could have been endured for twelve hours, and if the authorities could have been persuaded to lend themselves to such a fraud, what materials for a sensational romance, or a *coup* in personal journalism, would have been afforded to some enterprising genius!

Sir Augustus Harris has designed and arranged a pretty new ballet for the Palace Theatre, called "Scaramouche." It is based on the old Italian love story of Arlequin and Columbine, and all who are interested in the genesis of pantomime may study it to advantage. It has the grateful help of all the newest devices in stage effect, the colouring and general design being charming. But in the art of ballet we have improved wonderfully in England of late. Englishmen need not be ashamed of their Alhambra, Empire, or Palace, from the point of view of music or dancing.

Major Ropner, who has presented a public park to the citizens of Stockton-on-Tees, began life as a German baker in Hartlepool, where he sold hot rolls every morning a quarter of a century ago. He is now one of the most prominent shipowners and shipbuilders in the North. The park, which is valued at £10,000, will be formally opened by the Duke and Duchess of York.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Prince of Wales has returned from Germany, arriving in London on Tuesday, Sept. 12, and has gone to Balmoral on a visit to the Queen.

The Duke of Connaught has left Balmoral, and goes to visit the Emperor of Austria, and to witness the military manoeuvres in Hungary.

In the House of Lords, on Friday night, Sept. 8, the four days' debate on the Irish Government (Home Rule) Bill ended with its rejection by 419 votes against 41; the number of peers voting was far greater than on any preceding occasion in the history of England.

At a meeting of the town council of Edinburgh on Sept. 12, the recommendation of the Lord Provost's Committee to present the freedom of the city to the Duke of York on the occasion of his forthcoming visit was unanimously adopted. The Lord Provost stated that Mr. Gladstone's name stood at the head of the list of honorary burgesses now living, the right hon. gentleman having been admitted in September 1853. The presentation of the freedom to the Duke of York will take place in the Council Chambers.

The annual report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue for the past year shows that the gross receipts of duties for which the department has had to account amounted to £67,122,433. Of this the Customs and Post Office collected £7,472,848, leaving, as the actual receipt by officers of the Inland Revenue Department, £59,649,585. Excluding the receipts transferred to Local Taxation and other accounts, the net return appears as £54,947,316, a reduction on the year to the extent of £834,494. An increase occurred in respect of stamps, but a decrease in the case of excise, land tax, inhabited house duty, and income tax. The estimated consumption of spirits, beer, wine, and other beverages for each year, in proportion to the home population, gives some interesting results, taking a review of the last forty years. Including spirits of all kinds, the rate per head for 1892 shows a decline compared with 1852. In the consumption of foreign wines there is a decided increase. Beer exhibits a fluctuating rate, but rising, on the whole, though the rate for 1892 is less than for 1891; the rate for 1852 was exceptionally low compared with the years which follow it. Concerning tea, in 1852 the consumption was under 2 lb. per head, whereas last year it was 5.433 lb. Coffee goes down, having been 1.274 lb. per head in 1852, compared with less than $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. in 1892. Cocoa, on the contrary, has a marked rise, the rate per head being advanced more than fourfold.

At a conference of officials of temperance organisations held at the London offices of the United Kingdom Alliance on Sept. 12, resolutions were carried expressing deep regret and disappointment that the present Session of Parliament is likely to pass without the enactment of the Local Veto Bill, and urging efforts in order to insure its being carried next year.

The Dockers' Congress met again at Bristol on Sept. 12, Mr. Tom Mann presiding. The general report, which entered into details respecting the strikes that had occurred during the year, was submitted by Mr. Ben Tillett, and adopted. Resolutions were passed in favour of the establishment of joint arbitration boards for the settlement of trade disputes, of the establishment of a legal eight-hours day, against contracting out of liability under the Employers' Liability Bill, and sympathising with the co-operative movement. A motion was also carried, condemning the employment of police and military from distant places in connection with industrial disputes.

The Hastings cricket week began on Thursday, Sept. 7, and has been well attended. The Australian eleven played their last match before leaving England; their opponents were a strong team representing the cricket clubs of the South of England. The match ended on Saturday with the defeat of the Australians, who made 257 in two innings, whereas the South of England players had six wickets to spare in their second innings.

Mr. Alfred John Monson has been committed for trial by the magistrates at Inverary, Argyllshire, and has been sent to prison, charged with the murder of his guest, Lieutenant Dudley Winsor Cecil Hambrough, by shooting him, on Aug. 10, at Ardlamont, Loch Fyne. The trial will probably involve the consideration of previous arrangements with the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, in which Mr. Hambrough was insured for two policies of £10,000 each, and it is said, as Mrs. Monson was to advance £20,000 for the purchase of Ardlamont estate, the policies were assigned to her. The estate, which belongs to Major Lamont, has not actually been sold, but the house was let to parties of sportsmen.

The visit of the German Emperor to Lorraine and Alsace has unquestionably a political significance, apart from the vast scale of the military manoeuvres which he came to see; and his Majesty's speech at the banquet he gave to the civil dignitaries of Metz cannot fail to be read with interest: "The theme of my toast to-day is Alsace-Lorraine, and especially the Lorrainers. I thank the Lorrainers most warmly and heartily for the friendly and cordial reception they have given me. I have here heard and seen stormy enthusiasm, joyful faces, and words of joyous emotion, for which I owe you my hearty thanks. In these ovations, and in the festive mood both of the inhabitants of Metz and of the rural population, I see confirmation of the belief that Lorraine feels happy in

the Empire. An illustration of Germany's greatness, of German unity, is passing before the eyes of the inhabitants of this country—the head of the Empire, and, united with him in faithful friendship and firm alliance, his illustrious princely relatives, cousins, and rulers of German lands. I see with satisfaction that Lorraine has learned to understand the greatness of the Empire and her own position in it. 'We Lorrainers are loyal and conservative to the backbone, and strive to do our work in peace, to cultivate our fields, and to enjoy what we have earned undisturbed'—such are the words methought I heard at the reception at Courcelles. Well,

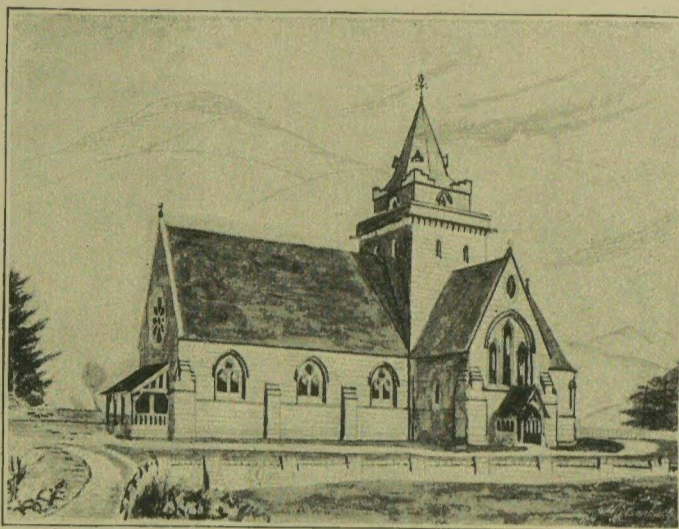


Photo by Wilson, Aberdeen.

THE NEW CHURCH OF CRATHIE: FOUNDATION-STONE LAID BY THE QUEEN, MONDAY, SEPT. 11.

in order to enable you to do this, and to prove to you that it is my heart's desire to get to know your thoughts, I have made myself a home among you, and feel happy among my neighbours at Urville. You may regard this as an assurance that you may go your way and earn your living in your various callings unmolested. The united German Empire secures you peace, and you are, and will remain, Germans, so help us God and our German swords! I drink to the welfare of Alsace-Lorraine and the faithful Lorrainers!"

Proceeding to Alsace on Saturday, Sept. 9, the Emperor met with an equally good reception at Strasburg, and, in replying to an address presented by the burgomaster, said that he was sorry he could stay only a few hours; his love for that beautiful old city was such that he would have liked to linger. Often as a young man he had joined in singing the praises of Strasburg in the song which begins "O Strasburg, du wunderschöne Stadt," and had prayed to Heaven that it might one day become German. "This wish has in the meantime been fulfilled, though it was not granted to me to have any share in the work. I treasure Strasburg as one of the best of German towns, and feel convinced that the people of Strasburg, too, feel themselves happy in being once more incorporated in the German Empire. . . . Although I cannot remain any longer now, I hope in the future to find plenty of opportunities to stay here. I feel happy among your people, and therefore I have secured a hunting seat here. That will soon bring me back again."

The announcement that the King of the Belgians, in

1st Army Corps, represented the Government of the French Republic. The monument erected on this occasion consists of a column surmounted by a group, by the sculptor Lormier, representing the people of Dunkirk preparing for defence, and Emery, the mayor in 1793, visiting the ramparts. At dusk a torchlight procession paraded the town. It was composed of groups in the uniforms of the soldiers who defended Dunkirk. The streets were beautifully illuminated, and there were fifty bands of music. The festivities were continued on Sunday. The bicycle sports were largely attended, but the great attractions were the Venetian fête and naval sham fight which took place in the Freycinet Dock.

The official reply of the Russian Government to the proposals of Austria-Hungary in connection with the pending commercial treaty demands a number of fresh concessions, and it will be necessary for the Austro-Hungarian Tariff Commission to hold another meeting to consider them. The negotiations which are to take place in Berlin between Germany and Russia will no doubt influence the answer which Austria-Hungary will give to Russia.

The later news, received on Tuesday, Sept. 12, of the attempt of Admiral Mello, with the revolted portion of the Brazilian navy, to overthrow the Government of President Peixoto at Rio de Janeiro, is that on Sunday and Monday, at a point in the bay, five miles east of that city, the insurgents attempted a bombardment and a landing, but were repelled with fifty-one men killed and thirty wounded. The town of Nictheroy, where there are some military establishments, has been the chief object of these attacks, but is well fortified. The forts on the bay are armed with heavy artillery.

The recent growth of the town of Nottingham, which was inadequately estimated in our topographical notice last week, has been so rapid that it appears, from the census of 1892, to contain a population of nearly 214,000, whereas it was recorded twenty years ago, according to "Black's Guide-Book," published in 1876, to have 86,604 inhabitants. This increase is due mainly to the development of the hosiery and lace manufactures.

CRATHIE CHURCH, OLD AND NEW.

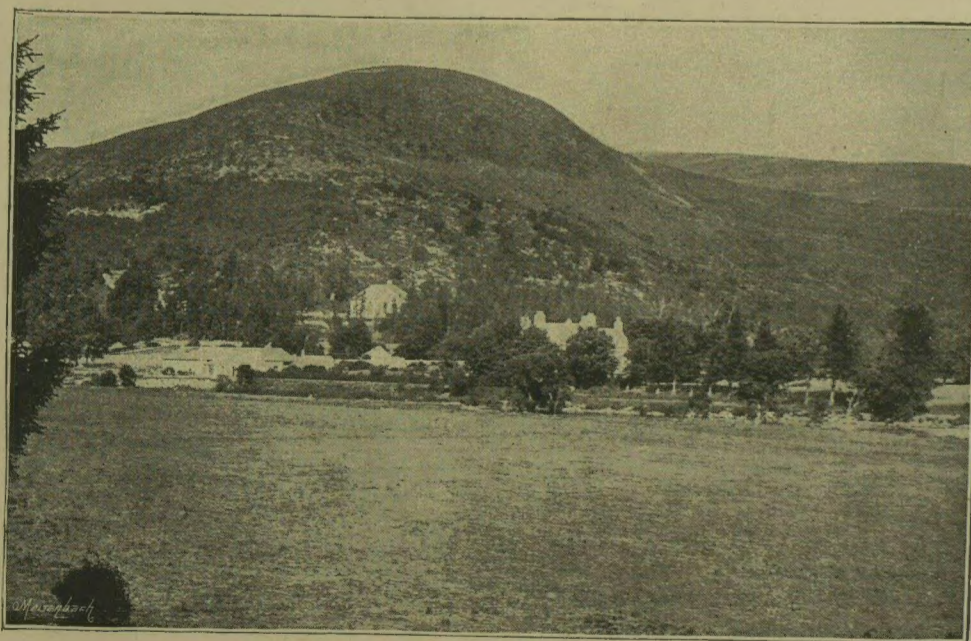
Her Majesty the Queen, who is at Balmoral Castle, with Princess Beatrice and with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught as her guests, on Monday, Sept. 11, accompanied also by the Duke and Duchess of York, laid the foundation-stone of the new parish church of Crathie, already partly built, to supersede "Old Crathie Kirk," on the site at the east gate of Balmoral, overlooking the valley of the Dee. The old kirk, which formerly belonged to the Abbey of Cambuskenneth, was a plain building erected in 1805, its walls clad with ivy, and was adorned with the stained-glass windows presented by the Queen as a memorial of the late Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod of Glasgow. The churchyard, kept in order by the Balmoral gardeners, contains the family grave of John Brown and gravestones placed there in memory of other servants of the Queen's household. Her Majesty formerly attended Crathie Church every Sunday, but of late years has had a private service at the Castle.

The new church is designed in Gothic of early Scottish character, with a square central tower at the intersection of the roofs of the nave and transepts. The walls are to be of finely dressed white granite from Inver. The south transept, measuring 20 ft. by 25 ft., is to be entirely devoted to the accommodation of the Queen and the royal family, and provided with a separate entrance. In the north transept are seats for the other heritors, and also the minister's vestry; while in the nave, measuring 25 ft. by 85 ft., are the seats for the rest of the congregation. The architects are Messrs. Matthews and Mackenzie, of Aberdeen. Her Majesty has given £500 to the building fund, and intends to place a large stained-glass window in the new church as a memorial of the Prince Consort.

At the laying of the foundation-stone more than a hundred ladies and gentlemen occupied seats in front of the platform. The Queen and the royal party sat beside the stone, which was slung ready to be lowered. The choir sang the 122nd Psalm, after which the Rev. Dr. Mitford Mitchell repeated the Lord's Prayer, and read several passages of Scripture. The Rev. Archibald A. Campbell, minister of the parish, read an address to the Queen on the part of the heritors and parishioners of Crathie.

Her Majesty replied to this address as follows: "It gives me great pleasure to be present and to lay the foundation-stone of the new church at Crathie, which is to be erected on the spot where the old church stood, in which we have worshipped together for so many years. I need scarcely assure you of my warm attachment to the Church of Scotland, which so largely represents the religious feelings of the people of this country. I thank you sincerely for the kind expressions you have used towards me."

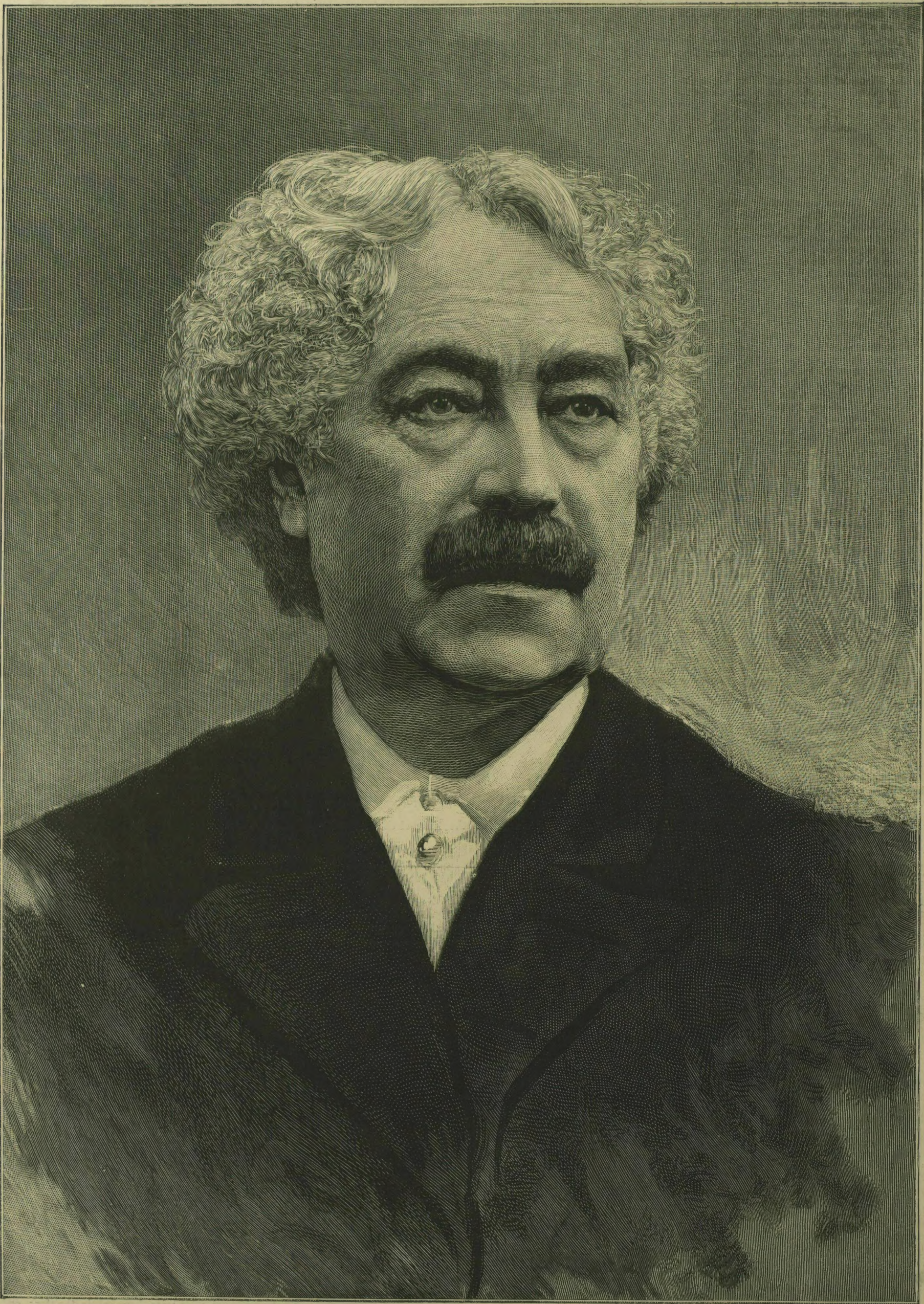
A number of coins were deposited in the stone, and a silver trowel and ivory mallet were presented to her Majesty, who finished the work of laying the stone. Princess Margaret of Connaught, Princess Patricia of Connaught, and Princess Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg poured corn, oil, and wine on the stone, after which the prayer of consecration was offered by the Rev. Dr. Donald M'Leod. A hymn was sung by the choir, and the Rev. Archibald A. Campbell pronounced the Benediction.



BALMORAL CASTLE, WITH OLD CRATHIE KIRK.

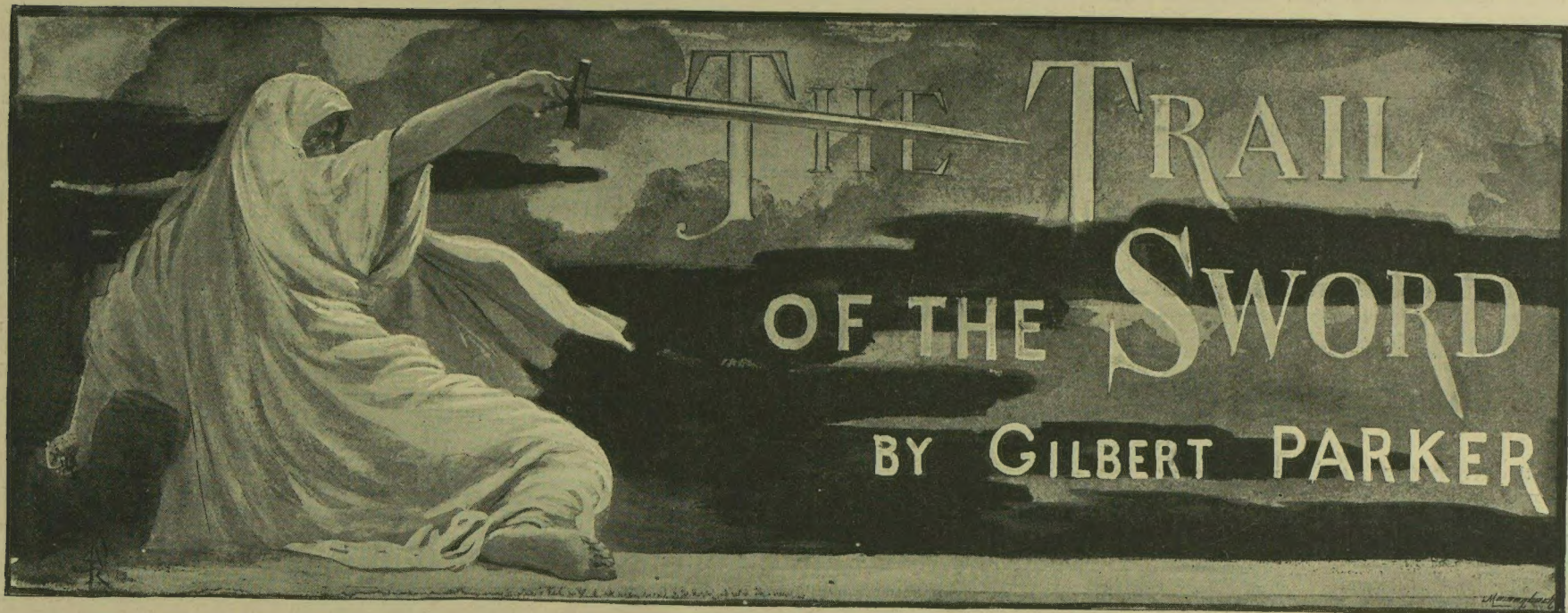
sanctioning the revised Constitution, has added a document written by his own hand, which is to be placed in the archives of the State and to be opened only after his death, has excited much curiosity. It may, perhaps, be connected with Article I. of the Constitution, which deals with the possible acquisition by Belgium of colonial possessions or protectorates, and ordains that the troops recruited for their defence in Belgium can only be voluntarily engaged. It is well known that this stipulation is made in view of the future acquisition by Belgium of the Congo Free State, under King Leopold's will as its founder.

The French patriotic festival at Dunkirk, on Saturday, Sept. 9, the centenary of the retreat of the English army in 1793, under the Duke of York, from the siege of that town, was not attended by any of the Ministers of State; but General de France (an appropriate name) commanding the



MR. SIMS REEVES.

From a Photograph by Barraud, 263, Oxford Street, W.



CHAPTER XVI.

MAIDEN NO MORE.

Fortune had not been kind to Iberville, but such was his optimism that he viewed this new change of affairs with a stoical cheerfulness. With the vanity of a man who feels that he has impressed a woman, and knowing the strength of his own purpose, he could not but believe that Jessica Leveret would yet be his. Meanwhile, he was determined that matters should not lie still. In those days men made love by proxy. It was not strange, therefore, that Iberville should turn to Ib Casson and Perrot.

The night before Iberville started for France they sat together in a little house flanking the Château St. Louis. Iberville had been speaking.

"I know the strength of your feelings, Iberville," said De Casson, "but is it wise and is it right?"

Iberville made an airy motion of his hand. "My dear Abbé, there is but one thing worth living for, and that is to follow your convictions. See: I have known you since you took me from my mother's last farewell. I have believed in you, cared for you, trusted you. We have been good comrades. Come, now, tell me: what would you think if my mind drifted! No, no, no: to stand by one's own heart is the gift of an honest man. I am a sad rogue, Abbé, as you know, but I swear I would sooner let slip the friendship of Louis himself than the hand of a good comrade.

Well, my sword is for my King. I must obey him. I must leave my comrades behind. But I shall not forget, and they must not forget." At this he got to his feet, came over, laid a hand on the Abbé's shoulder, and his voice dropped. "Abbé, the woman shall be mine!"

"If God wills so, Iberville."

"He will: He will!"

"Well," said Perrot, with a little laugh; "I think God will be good to a Frenchman when an Englishman is his enemy."

"But the girl is English, and a heretic!" urged the Abbé, helplessly.

Perrot laughed again. "That will make Him sorry for her."

Meanwhile, Iberville had turned to the table, and was now busily reading a letter. A proud look came on his face, and he nodded now and then in satisfaction. At last he folded it up with a smile, and sealed it. "Well," he said, "the English is not good, for I have not read my Shakspeare lately, but it will do—it must do. In such things rhetoric is nothing. You will take it, Perrot?" he said, holding up the letter.

Perrot reached out for it.

"And there is something more." Iberville drew from his finger a costly ring. He had taken it from the hand of a Spanish noble, whose place he had captured in Spain. He had prevented his men from despoiling the castle, and had been bidden to take what he would. He had chosen this.

"Tell her," he said, "that it was the gift of a captive to me, and that it is the gift of a captive to her. For, upon my soul, I am prisoner to no one else in God's world!"

Perrot weighed the ring up and down in his hand. "Well," he said, "Monsieur, it is a fine speech, but I do not understand. A prisoner, eh? I remember when you were a prisoner with me upon the Ottawa. Only a boy—only a boy! but, holy Mother, that was different! I will tell her how you never give up: how you went on the hunt after Grey Diver, the Iroquois. Through the woods, silent—silent for days and days, Indians all round us: death in the brush, death in the tree-top, death from the river-bank. I said to you, Give up; but you kept on. Then there were days when there was no sleep—no rest—we were like ghosts. Sometimes we come to a settler's cabin and see it all smoking; sometimes to a fort and find only a heap of bones—and other things! But you would not give up. You kept on. What was the cause? That Injun chief had killed your best friend. Well, that was for hate; you kept on and on and on for hate. And you had your way with Grey Diver. I heard your axe crash in his skull. All for hate! What will you do for love? I will ask her what will you do for love? Ah, you are a great man. I will tell her so."

"Tell her what you please, Perrot."

Iberville hummed an air as if he were enjoying some goodly prospect. Yet when he turned to the others again



"You will take it, Perrot?" he said, holding up the letter. Perrot reached out for it.

there came a quick mist in his eyes. It was not so much the thought of the woman as of the men. There came to him with sudden force how these two comrades had been ever ready to sacrifice themselves for him, and he ready to accept the sacrifice.

He was not ashamed of the mist in his eyes; he was only surprised that the thing had come to him all at once. He grasped the hands of both the men, shook them heartily, then dashed his fingers across his eyes, and with the instinct of every imperfect man—that touch of the aboriginal in all of us who must have a sign for an emotion—he went to a cabinet and out came a bottle of wine.

An hour after, Perrot left him at the ship's side. They were both cheerful. "Two years, Perrot; two years!" he said. "Ah, mon grand capitaine!"

Iberville turned away, then came back again. "You will start at once?"

"At once; and the Abbé shall write."

Upon the lofty bank of the St. Lawrence, at the Sault au Matelot, a tall figure, clad in a cassock, stood and watched the river below. On the high cliff of Point Levis lights were showing, and as far off as the Island of Orleans fires burning. And in that sweet curve of shore, from St. Charles to Beauport, thousands of stars seemed shining. Nearer still, from the heights, there was the same strange scintillation. The great promontory had a coronet of stars. In the lower town there was like illumination, and out upon the river trailed long processions of light. It was the Feast of good Saint Anne de Beaupré. All day long had there been masses and processions on land. Hundreds of Jesuits, with thousands of the populace, had filed behind the Cross and the Host. And now there was a candle in every window. Indians, half-breeds, coureurs de bois, native Canadians, seigneurs and noblesse, were joining in the function. But De Casson's eyes were not for these. He was watching the lights of a ship that slowly made its way down the river among the canoes, and his eyes never left it till it had passed beyond the Island of Orleans, and was lost in the night.

"Poor lad!" he said; "poor lad! She is not for him. She should not be. As a priest it were my duty to see that he should not marry her. As a man"—he sighed—"as a man I would give my life for him."

He lifted his hand, and made the sign of the cross towards that spot on the horizon whither Iberville had gone.

"He will be a great man some day—a great man. There will be empires here, and when histories are written Pierre le Moyne of Iberville shall be a name beside Frontenac's, Champlain's, and La Salle's."

All the human affection of the good Abbé's life centred upon Iberville. Giant in stature, so ascetic had his life been, his mind had become so refined, that he had the intuition of a woman, without the bigotry of his brethren. As he turned from the heights, made his way along the cliff, and down Mountain Street, his thoughts were still upon the same subject. He suddenly paused. "He will marry the sword," he said, "and not the woman!"

How far he was right we may judge if we enter the house of Governor Nicholls at New York one month later.

It was late midsummer, and just such an evening as had seen the attempted capture of Jessica Leveret years before. She sat at a window looking out upon the garden and the river. It was the window of a room at the top of the house. It had been to her a kind of play-room, when she had visited Governor Nicholls years before. To every woman memory is a kind of religion; and to Jessica as much as to any; perhaps more than to most, because she had imagination. She half sat, half knelt, beside the window, her elbow on her knee, her soft-coloured cheek resting upon her firm, delicate hand. Her beauty was as fresh and sweet as on the day when we first saw her. More: something deep and rich had entered into it. Her eyes had got that fine steadiness of look which only deep tenderness and pride can give a woman. She had

lived. She was smiling, but it was not the smile of merriment. It was rather the natural sunshine of a nature touched with an Arcadian simplicity. Such a nature could not be wholly unhappy. Being made for others more than for itself, it had something of the divine gift of self-forgetfulness.

As she sat there, her eyes ever watching the river as though someone she expected was to come that way, there came from the garden beneath the sound of singing. It was not loud, but deep and strong—

As the wave to the shore, as the dew to the leaf,
As the breeze to the flower,
As the scent of a rose to the heart of a child,
As the rain to the dusty land—
My heart goeth out unto Thee—unto Thee!
The night is far spent, and the day is at hand.

proved himself a brave man, and, what was more in her father's sight, he was to have his share of Phips's booty. And what was still more, Gering had prevailed upon Phips to allow Mr. Leveret's investment in the first expedition to receive a dividend from the second. Therefore she was ready to fulfil her promise. Yet had she misgivings? For, only a few days before, she had insisted on sending for the old pastor at Boston, who had known her since she was a child. She wished, she said, to be married by him and no other at Governor Nicholls' house, rather than at her own home at Boston, where she had no female relative.

The old pastor had come that afternoon. She had asked him to see her that evening. Not long after Morris had done with singing there came a tap to her door. She answered, and old pastor Macklin entered—a white-haired man of kindly yet stern countenance; by nature a gentleman, by practice a bigot. He came forward and took both her hands as she rose. "My dear lady!" he said, and smiled kindly at her. After a word of greeting she offered him a chair, and resumed her seat at the window.

Presently she looked up and said very simply, "I am going to be married. You have known me ever since I was born. Do you think I will make a good wife?"

"With prayer and chastening of the spirit, yes, my daughter," he said.

"But suppose that at the altar I remembered another man?"

"A sin, my child, for which due repentance should be made."

The girl smiled sadly. She felt poignantly how little this man could help her.

"And suppose the man were a Catholic and a Frenchman?" she said.

"A Papist and a Frenchman!" he cried, lifting up his hands. "My daughter, you ever had too playful a spirit. You speak of impossible things. I pray you listen to me."

Jessica raised her hand as if to stop him, and to speak herself; but she let him go on. With the least encouragement, she would have told him all. She had had her moment of weakness, and now it was past. There are times when every woman feels she must have a confidant, or her heart will burst—have counsel, or she will die. Such a time had come to Jessica. But she now learned, as we all must learn, that we live our dark hour alone. She was having hers.

She listened as in a dream to the kindly bigot. When he had finished she knelt and received his blessing. All the time there was that strange, quiet smile upon her face. Immediately afterwards he left her.

She went again to the window. "A Papist and a Frenchman—an unpardonable sin!" she said into the distance. "Oh, Jessica, what a sinner you are!"

There was a tap at the door; it opened, and George Gering entered. She turned to receive him gently, but there was no extraordinary light in her eye. He came quickly to her, and ran his arm about her waist. A great kindness looked out of her eyes. Somehow, she felt herself superior to him—her love was less and her nature deeper. He took her fingers and pressed them

to his lips. "What were you thinking of, Jessica?" he said.

"Of what a sinner I am," she answered, with a sad kind of humour.

"What a villain I must be, then!" he responded.

"Yes," she said; "I think you are something of a villain, too, George."

"Well, well, you shall cure me of all my iniquities," he said. "You will have a lifetime for it. Come, let us go into the garden."

"Wait," she said. "I told you that I was a sinner, George: I want to tell you how."

"Tell me nothing; let us both go and repent," he rejoined, laughing. Then he hurried her away. She had lost her opportunity.

Next morning she was married. The day was glorious. The town was garlanded, and there was not an English merchant or a Dutch burgher but wore his holiday clothes. After the ceremony was over there appeared among the crowd



She held out her hand to him. The gallant woodsman pressed it to his lips.

As the song of a bird to the call of a star,
As the sun to the eye,
As the anvil of man to the hammers of God,
As the snow to the north,
Is my word unto Thy word—Thy word!

The night is far spent, and the day is at hand.

It was Morris who was singing. With increase of years had come increase of piety, and it was his custom once a week to gather about him such of the servants as would for the reading of Scripture.

To Jessica the song had no religious significance. By the time it had passed through the atmosphere of memory and meditation which surrounded her, it carried a different meaning. Her forehead dropped forward in her fingers, and remained so until the song had ended. Then she sighed, smiled wistfully, and shook her head.

"Poor fellow! poor fellow!" she said, almost beneath her breath. She was thinking of Iberville. The next morning she was to be married. George Gering had returned to her, for the second time defeated by Iberville. He had

a traveller. He asked a hurried question or two, and then eluded away. He made a stand under the trees, and after viewing the scene for a few moments, nodded his head, and said: "The Abbé was right!"

It was Perrot. A few hours afterwards the crowd had gone, and the Governor's garden was empty. Perrot still kept his watch under the tree, though why he could hardly say—his errand was useless now. But he had long had the habit of waiting. At last he saw a figure issue from a door of the house and go down into the garden. It was Jessica, now the wife of George Gering. Perrot remembered the secret gate. He made a détour, reached it, and entered. She was walking up and down in the pines. In an hour she was to leave in a ship for England. Her husband had gone to the ship to superintend some preparations, and she had stolen out for a few moments' quietness. When Perrot faced her she gave a little cry and started back. But presently she recovered herself, smiled at him, and said kindly: "You come somewhat suddenly, Monsieur."

"Yet I have travelled hard and long," he answered.

"Yes?"

"And I have a message for you."

"A message!" she said, and she turned a little pale.

"A message and a gift from Monsieur Iberville."

He drew the letter and the ring from his pocket, and held them out. He repeated Iberville's message. There was a strange troubled look in her eyes. She was trembling a little now, but she spoke clearly.

"Monsieur," she said, "you will tell Monsieur Iberville that I cannot take his ring. I am married."

"I know it, Madame," he said. "But I still must give my message." When he had done so, he said: "Will you take the letter?" He held it out to her.

There was a moment's hesitation, and then she took it, but she did not speak.

"Shall I carry no message to him, Madame?"

She hesitated. Then, at last: "Say that I wish him good fortune."

"Good fortune—Ah, Madame!" he answered, in a meaning tone.

"Say that I pray God may bless him, and make him a friend of my country."

She held out her hand to him. The gallant woodsman pressed it to his lips. "I am sorry, Madame," he replied, an admiring look in his face.

She shook her head sadly. "Adieu, Monsieur!" she said.

A moment after he was gone. She looked at the letter, and her face flushed. Then she turned suddenly pale. She looked at the missive steadfastly for a moment, then thrust it into the folds of her dress, and walked quietly to the house. Inside her own room she lighted a candle. She turned the letter over in her hand once or twice, and her fingers hung at the seal. But all at once she raised it to her lips, and then with a grave, firm look, held it in the candle, and saw it dissolve in smoke. It was the last effort for victory. "In the volume of the book it is written. . . ."

(To be continued.)

THE COLLIERIES STRIKES AND RIOTS.

The hauliers and colliers in the valleys of South Wales and Monmouthshire have settled their grievances with the coalowners, and 20,000 additional miners are now at work. It is estimated that nearly 100,000 miners have returned to work. The acts of violence and outrage in this district have been far less serious than in the South Yorkshire, Derbyshire, North Staffordshire, and Nottinghamshire coalfields; but on Sept. 4 there was a bad affair at the Great Mountain Colliery, situated in a remote district known as the Trumble, near Llanelly. This colliery is managed by Mr. Beith, who seems to have incurred ill-will through the importation of a number of Scotch and English miners. About seven o'clock in the evening, Mr. Beith and Mr. G. Waddell, one of the firm, had an interview with some of the men. High words ensued, and the negotiations were abruptly concluded. Immediately afterwards some of the Welsh miners, reinforced by a number of roughs from the neighbourhood, made a fierce attack upon the houses which had been built by the firm for the accommodation of the men. All the windows were smashed, and the inmates compelled to take to flight. The rioters then invaded the dwellings, and destroyed a great quantity of the furniture. Afterwards they proceeded towards Bryngwilyn, the residence of Mr. Beith. Meantime the police had been summoned to the scene, and they rapidly followed the mob, who, seeing that they were pursued, passed the house without doing any damage. Anticipating no further disturbance, the police returned to the village, and, this being reported to the leaders of the mob, a number of them, at ten o'clock in the evening, made a sudden attack on the house of the manager. Mr. Beith was at the time at the colliery office, and when the intelligence reached him he asked the cashier, Mr. Watson, to proceed at once to Bryngwilyn, and endeavour to protect the place. Before his arrival, however, about twenty of the rioters had rushed into the house, tearing down everything in their way. The furniture was utterly wrecked, the windows smashed, and other damage done. Mrs. Beith and Mr. Watson, in their endeavours to prevent the damage, were brutally assailed, and sustained serious injuries. An attempt was made to destroy the house with gunpowder. Some troopers of the cavalry regiment at Swansea were sent to Trumble, further serious rioting at that place being apprehended, and the district was patrolled by the

Inniskilling Dragoons. The imported miners, under military protection, have left the district for Scotland and the north of England. The village of Trumble presents a scene of desolation, as five hundred dwellings have been partially wrecked by the rioters. The residence of the colliery manager is now occupied by the dragoons. Mr. Watson and Mrs. Beith, the manager's wife, who were brutally assaulted by the rioters, are recovering from their injuries. It is not expected that any further disturbance will occur in South Wales.

The riots, and conflicts with the police and military, attended with some loss of life, in the Midland counties and the West Riding, were much more alarming. On Sept. 6 there were telegrams reporting outbreaks in the neighbourhood of Barnsley: the whole district was in a state of



THE COLLIERIES STRIKE IN SOUTH WALES: WATER FREE TO ALL.

terror. At a colliery at Warsborough a large gang of rioters set fire to the lamp-room, and kept back thousands of onlookers who wished to extinguish the flames. At Wath, after the rioters had made one attack on the pit, they went to a neighbouring brewery, and, returning refreshed, made a second attack, which was much more disastrous than the first. They set fire to the colliery buildings. Soon the whole premises were enveloped, including the manager's and clerks' office and the warehouses. Everything was destroyed, and the machinery rendered useless. Tubs well alight were thrown down the colliery shaft. In the midst of the excitement extra police arrived, and rushed among the mob, who quickly scattered. Ten arrests were made, the prisoners being taken by train to Rotherham. Shortly after the disturbance at the pit had been quelled thirty men of the Royal Fusiliers arrived on the scene. The strikers had in the meantime got to the railway station, and jeered at the soldiers. They were, however, evidently discouraged, and gradually dispersed. A force of police went to the Manvers Main Colliery and Denaby Collieries, but everything was quiet. The damage done to the Wath Main Colliery represents many thousands of pounds. Injury was also done to the Midland Railway rolling stock.

At Featherstone, near Pontefract, on Thursday, Sept. 7, the rioters attacked Acton Hall Pit, a colliery which belongs to Lord Masham, and drove out all the men who were working. A rush for the loaded wagons in the yard was next made; they were emptied and overturned. Mr. Holliday, the manager, sent for policemen. A detachment of the South Staffordshire Regiment, from Bradford, arrived in the afternoon, under Captain Barker. News of their arrival quickly spread to the adjacent colliery districts of Sharlston, Normanton, and Castleford. At dusk a mob of some thousands, bearing banners, gathered in the pit yard. Most of them were armed with bludgeons, others took them from stacks of timber in the pit yard. In the absence of a magistrate to read the Riot Act the military were powerless. From seven o'clock until nearly midnight the scene was one of furious tumult. Three tremendous fires were lighted, the whole of the premises were wrecked, and corves and anything which came in the way of the excited mob were hurled down the pit shaft. Mr. Bernard Hartley, J.P., was fetched from Pontefract and read the Riot Act. Meanwhile the flames had spread all round the pit yard, many tons of timber being in flames. When the military proceeded to clear the yard the mob pelted them with bricks and every conceivable missile. They received orders to charge the mob with bayonets, and, being assailed with volleys of stones, fired into the crowd. Seven of the mob were hit by the bullets, and three of them got mortal wounds. It was seven o'clock in the morning before the fires were extinguished. The military are still stationed in Acton Pit yard, and at the manager's residence.

Additional troops, to the number of a thousand or more, arrived in the district on Saturday and Sunday from Aldershot, Brighton, Swindon, Colchester, and stations in the Northern Military District. Two hundred of the Metropolitan Police were sent from London. The strike in North Staffordshire came to an end on Saturday by the miners agreeing "to resume work at the old rate of wages, and to accept without notice, concurrently with other districts, the terms of any settlement that may be arrived at between the federated coalmasters and the Miners' Federation of Great Britain."



THE COLLIERIES STRIKE IN SOUTH WALES: OPENING A MEETING WITH PRAYER AT ABERAMAN, NEAR ABERDARE.



DEEP-SEA FISHING.

DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS AT WORCESTER.

The Cloisters,
Worcester Cathedral

The tectotum of Time has once again brought the Festival of the Three Choirs to the ancient city of Worcester. Its beautiful cathedral, where "the rough waves of life are for ever laid to rest," will be thronged from noon to night with visitors hearing the interpretation of some of our grandest musical works under the most delightful conditions. The Festival has survived for about 170 years, and shows no sign of losing its attractive powers, Worcester is always a favourite with frequenters of the Festival, and some of the most celebrated of these musical

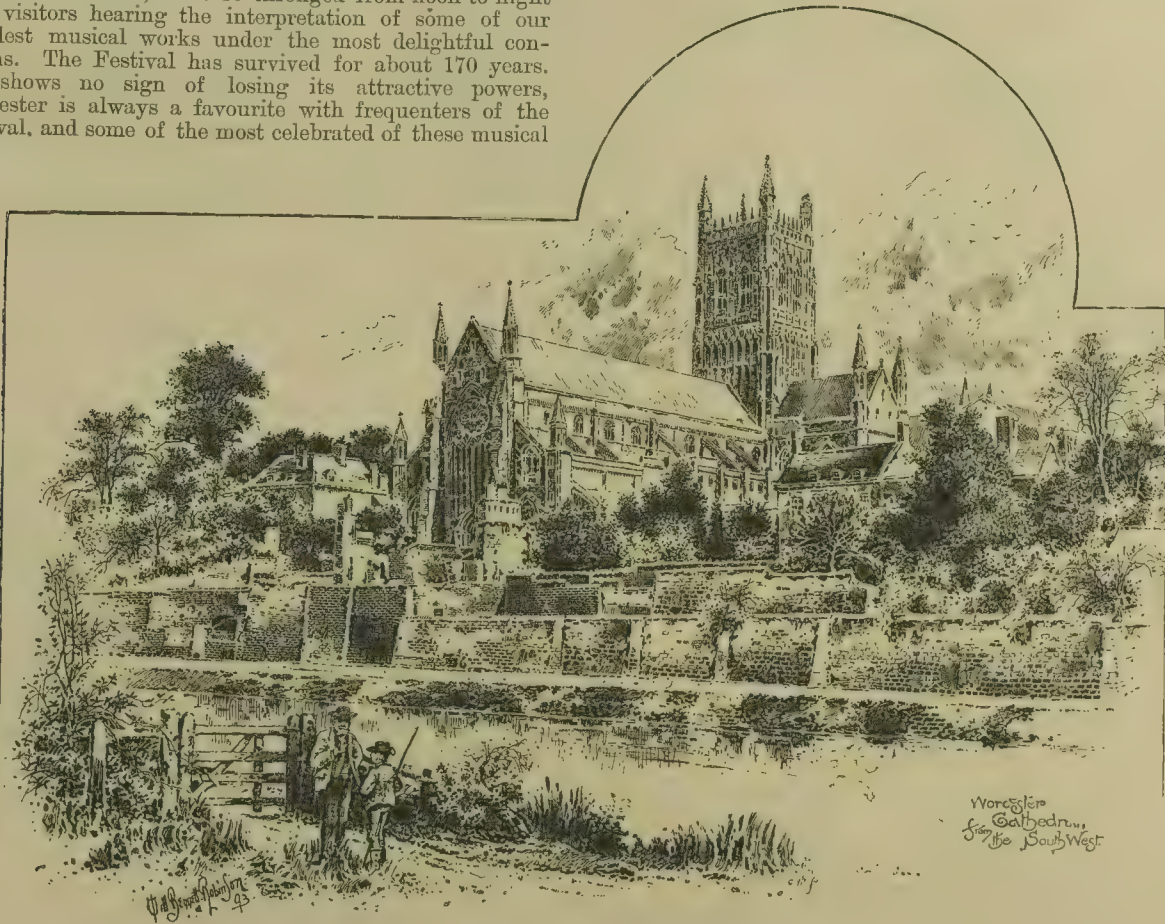
want such a carriage some day or other. But I am not ready yet.' The fellow, with the most consummate professional gravity, answered, 'I meant, Sir, that there was plenty of room on the box.'

Since the last Worcester Festival there have been changes in both the bishopric and the deanery. The aged and beloved Dr. Philpott, who had been for so many years the wise Prelate of Worcester, did not long survive his resignation of the see; he was succeeded by Dr. Perowne, the author of theological works which have a wide reputation. Dr. Gott, who, as Dean of Worcester, welcomed the host of musicians and visitors to the city at the last Festival in an eloquent sermon, became Bishop of Truro in 1891, and Dr. Forrest, from Kensington, reigns in his stead. There were two facts which made memorable the meeting of the Three Choirs on their last visit to this city. One was the production of the dramatic oratorio entitled "The Repentance of Nineveh," by Professor Bridge, of Westminster

Abbey; the other was of mournful import, being the tribute to the memory of Canon Liddon paid by the solemn notes of Handel's "Dead March," which throbbed through the cathedral with a pathetic effect, not to be quickly forgotten by those who were present.

In the programme of this Festival there is no striking novelty, save an orchestral work composed expressly for the occasion by Dr. Hubert Parry, which will be produced at the concert in the public hall. It will be interesting to see if the high praise which followed the production of "Job" will be sustained by its rendering at Worcester. The Festival commences with "Elijah" on Tuesday, the 19th, and ends with the "Messiah" on Friday, and between these two masterpieces is a bridge of music which has stood the test of many years.

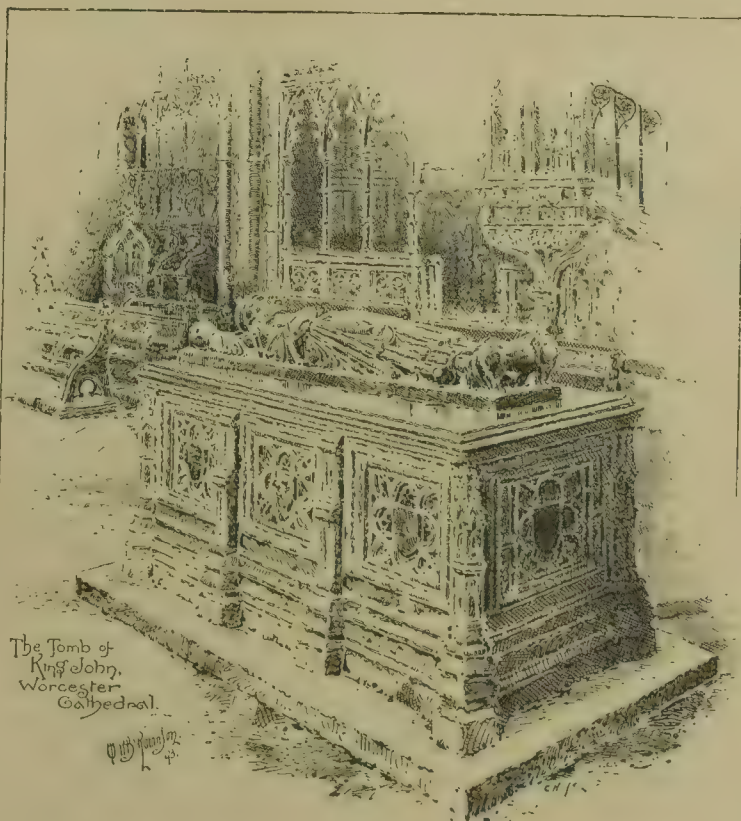
The vocalists are of tried ability, and form a very distinguished group. With one or two exceptions, they are the

A Bit of
the Choir,
Worcester CathedralWorcester Cathedral,
from the South West

gatherings have taken place in the city in the centre of the Severn Valley.

The cathedral has a famous past, dating back to the seventh century. Parts of the present stately structure, including the crypt, belong to the edifice whose foundation was laid in 1084 by Bishop Wolstan. The storm and stress of the civil wars damaged, though fortunately did not destroy, the building, which has been in later days carefully restored. Its acoustic properties are unrivalled in England: the faintest *pianissimo* music, which is usually only heard by them who list with ear intent, is here audible in exquisite perfection of sound.

Many celebrated leaders of thought have been in time past auditors at these gatherings, while the great singers who have appeared thereat include nearly all the illustrious names we cherish in the history of music for the last century and a half. In the graceful "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," which we owe to his nephew, there is an interesting allusion to a visit which the famous historian paid to Worcester forty-two years ago. In a letter to his friend, Mr. Ellis, he says: "I shall expect you on Wednesday next. I have got the tickets for the 'Messiah.' There may be some difficulty about conveyances during the Festival. But the supply here is immense. On every road round Malvern coaches and flies pass you every ten minutes, to say nothing of irregular vehicles. For example, the other day I was overtaken by a hearse as I was strolling along and reading the night expedition of Diomedes and Ulysses. 'Would you like a ride, Sir?' said the driver. 'Plenty of room,' I could not help laughing. 'I dare say I shall

The Tomb of
King John,
Worcester Cathedral

same who appeared in the Festival of 1890. Madame Albani once more heads the soprano soloists, being ably supported by Miss Anna Williams (one of the most reliable of English singers) and Mrs. Hutchinson. The contralto solos are divided between Miss Hilda Wilson (who has especial interest in these meetings from the fact that her first great claim to public notice was made at one of them), Madame Belle Cole, and Miss Jessie King. Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Edwin Houghton are responsible for the tenor music—a task they are certain to discharge conscientiously. With such admirable singers as Mr. Watkin Mills and Mr. W. H. Brereton, both of whom have previously achieved success at Worcester, and Mr. Plunket Greene, who showed how well suited his voice was to the "Lamentation" music in "Job," the bass solos are in good care. The choir, which is composed of vocalists from several centres of song, and the orchestra (under another leader than he who has so often been prominent at these Festivals) may be trusted to give a good account of themselves and of the works they will be called upon to interpret.

The conductor is Mr. Hugh Blair, who has bestowed much care and thought on his important duties.

"Festival week" is always as happy as the warm welcome of music-loving citizens and the generous hospitality of the civic and ecclesiastical authorities can make it. The whole arrangements are carried out with clockwork precision, and all those who participate therein are imbued with a determination to excel even the great records of the past. The collections which are made at each service for the education and maintenance of the orphans of the poorer clergy in the three dioceses of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester have been of priceless benefit to hundreds of children. It is to be sincerely hoped that a substantial sum for this noble purpose will be once more realised, and thus reward the untiring energy of the stewards as well as of all those who have any share in the Festival.

It is curious to recollect that it was only in 1867 that at Hereford the custom of the plates being held by ladies at the cathedral was abandoned. Formerly also a ball was one of the features of the week, but this has been relinquished, as it was deemed an inappropriate adjunct to the attractions of the meeting.

It may be of historical interest to give the formal programme of the proceedings: Tuesday morning, Sept. 12, "Elijah"; Tuesday evening, Handel's "Israel in Egypt" and Beethoven's Symphony No. 7; Wednesday morning, Bach's Mass in B minor; Wednesday evening (in the public hall), Dr. Hubert Parry's new orchestral work and a miscellaneous selection; Thursday morning, Parry's "Job" and Spohr's "Last Judgment"; Thursday evening, Brahms's "German Requiem"; Friday morning, the "Messiah."

MR. STEVENSON'S NEW NOVEL.

BY ANDREW LANG.

It is an unpopular opinion, yet one to which I am wedded, that some novels are improved by notes. The historical novel especially has a kind of hereditary claim to these erudite ornaments, wanting which it may fail to be easily understood of the people. Mr. Louis Stevenson may live to publish an annotated and autobiographical edition of all his works, a *Magnum Opus*, than which what modern literature could be more delightful? But he has neglected to equip his new tale, "Catriona," with the critical and antiquarian apparatus for which some readers cry aloud. These readers are not inconsiderate boys, nor ladies, who rush through a tale, and speedily forget its very name and the name of its author. Mr. Stevenson has another public, a solid, reflective, middle-aged public, which wants to spin out the pleasure of studying his romances as long as possible, and which dreams of a nobly annotated edition of "Catriona." A hundred years hence, perhaps, some diligent antiquary will supply our want, but too late, and, with all his industry, he will make many a blunder. Starting from the Dedication he will devote an excursus to "Charles, his Friend," whether a conventional character of the drama or a real Charles is to be understood. Then there is the topography of "Catriona," a difficult theme. The village of Dean I know; anybody can see it who stares from the airy span of the Dean Bridge, looking westwards. There lies the lost village, in a cleft or cañon of the earth, the polluted stream still flowing by the mills, over the razor-edged rocks of its course. The Dean-burn is a burn still, a burn lost, like a country girl, in a big town—dirty, depraved, yet not wholly without memories of the country and of clean days long ago, when trout lay where all the poached filth gathers now. Hereby dwelt Catriona of the Gregara, with her wild old kinswoman, Lady Allardyce. The scene is as much changed as is Princes Street from the primitive Lang Dykes, where the Norloch reflected the Castle Rock, where David Balfour washed his hands among the reeds, after his fright from the Master of Lovat; there a railway tunnel runs to-day. "Oh, Earth, what changes hast thou seen!" As for Silvermills, where is it? We need a topographical note, and another on Broughton, or was it near Broughton Church, Free Kirk, or U.P.? I know not, I, but many a weary hour my boyhood passed therein. I remember constructing a romance that the Elders had concealed a treasure behind a panel in the wall which closed my schoolmaster's pew. In those days we changed our creed with that of our house master: I have been of many a Protestant complexion, and was U.P. or Free Kirk, or Congregational, may be, or Original Secession, or something, in Broughton Church; but Mr. Stevenson's Broughton may be elsewhere. It was a dismal quarter. Of Hope Park I conceive that it lay in the direction of Merchiston Castle and the Borough Moor, where parts of the mangled Montrose were buried. The Figgate

Whins "must be all built over by this time," as the suburban child said when told about the beautiful scenery in heaven. Gillane, where Alan Breck had a race for his life, is now a golf course, if I am not greatly misled. Obviously, we need a map of old Edinburgh, as it was in 1750, and we need topographical notes and illustrative anecdotes. As to a place called Cramond in the Forest of Ettrick, it sounds to me like a creation of the author's fancy. Cramond has hardly the ring of an Ettrick name. Coming to history, we want a note on James More, the

son of Rob Roy, David Balfour's father-in-law. Was it really he who tried to sell Alan Breck to the English? I fear it was; but, if my memory be correct, Scott tells all about James More in an excursus on "Rob Roy." As for Alan and the Appin murder, we should at least have a proper bibliographical reference to the printed account of the



AUTUMN MILITARY MANŒUVRES: UMPIRES COUNTING THE POINTS FOR AND AGAINST.

trial. I have the book, or had it, but it is now inaccessible. A gilly on Loch Awe told me, but with reluctance, that a Cameron, and not Alan Breck, really shot Campbell of Glencore. This Cameron was afterwards unpopular, as James Stewart, an innocent man, was hanged for the crime. "Then why," I asked, like a foolish Lowlander, "did not the people give Cameron up, and save the innocent James?" My gilly did not see it in that light: the Gael has ideas perfectly unintelligible to us. To denounce a murderer, though it be to save the life of the guiltless—perish the thought! So honest James was really hanged, and a black business it was, as may be read in Mr. Omond's book on the Lord Advocates. But why does not Mr. Stevenson, in a note, of course, tell us all about the Lord Advocate's three bonny daughters, who figure in his tale? Mr. Omond says nothing about them, I fear. Perhaps bonny daughters are beneath the dignity of history. Then there is Allan



AUTUMN MILITARY MANŒUVRES—THE OPENING DAY: STORMING THE ENEMY'S ENTRENCHMENTS, BISHOPSTONE DOWN.

Ramsay's improper epigram on these beauties: it is referred to, it is not quoted, and it should be quoted—of course, only in a note. A brief abstract of the Master of Lovat's history we also demand, and we want to know if he was purposely too late for Culloden. Finally, what was "Cluny's Treasure"? There are ignorant but not unintelligent readers who never heard of it before. But perhaps the anecdote is too long for a note. Certain it is that notes and maps are needed.

THE ARMY MANŒUVRES.

The autumn military manoeuvres of the troops belonging to the Aldershot command of Lieutenant-General Sir Evelyn Wood, beginning on Monday, Sept. 4, and witnessed by the Duke of Cambridge, the Field-Marshal Commander-in-Chief, took place on the borders of Berkshire and Wiltshire, in a tract of country extending from Liddington eastward over Bishopstone Downs and Lambourn Downs, and bounded to the north by Idstone, Ashbury, and Uffington, not far from Swindon, on the Great Western Railway. In the centre of this scene of operations, at Ashdown Park, the Duke of Cambridge was sojourning. The troops engaged, of all arms, were divided into an invading or attacking force, under Major-General Davies, and a defending force, under Major-General Crealock. The programme included three field days, two of which were for the infantry; but the other, which concerned the cavalry division exclusively, attracted the greater attention. The general idea stated that the advanced cavalry of an invading army had bivouacked near Wroughton, a little to the south-west of Swindon; while a defending army, holding the line of the Thames, had pushed an advanced cavalry force towards Lambourn Downs. The defenders' cavalry, already on Lambourn Downs, had instructions from headquarters at Goring to march on the Swindon, Marlborough, and Andover Railway, and deploy somewhere near Whitefield Hill, on the western boundary of the manoeuvring ground, irrespective of all opposition. This defending cavalry was commanded by Colonel Wardrop, and consisted of the Royal 4th Dragoon Guards, Scots Greys, and the 20th Hussars, the two former regiments transformed into Lancers by arming with the lance the front ranks of each squadron. The invading cavalry was represented by the Liddington Brigade, under Colonel Dickson, the Horse Guards, the 4th and 8th Hussars, and the 17th Lancers.

The infantry had been marched out of their camps, but each division was kept on its own side of the neutral zone, which was not, however, respected by the cavalry divisions, whose movements took them well over the southern section of the manoeuvring ground. General Davies's First Infantry Division at Liddington was engaged in pursuing an imaginary western force retiring in its front. General Crealock took his stand on the southern side of the Icknield, with his right at Charlbury Hill and his left on Lambourn Down, and here he awaited the attack of General Davies's Foot Guards, under Colonel Trotter, and the Line Brigade of Major-General Utterson. The manoeuvres brought into use a large body of umpires to measure the success of the respective forces.

The general idea for the action of Sept. 4 was that a southern force, retreating from Ashbury to Aldbourne, pursued by a northern force from Cirencester, had its rear-brigade, under the immediate command of General Crealock, entrenched in a position near Bishopstone Downs, with its right resting on the fence of Ashdown Park. This position was defended against an attack from the north by General Crealock with the Detached Brigade, and General Keith Fraser, C.M.G., with the whole of the Cavalry Division and three batteries of Horse Artillery, under Colonel Marshall, on the right of the four battalions of infantry who held the position. For the attack were combined the two divisions of General Chapman and General Davies, with two brigade divisions of Field Artillery under Colonel Maurice and Colonel Blakesley, both of these being under the direction of Major-General King, R.A., while the whole attack was under the general direction of Sir Evelyn Wood. The trenches were effectually held during a whole hour against the advancing infantry battalions, including the Guards' brigade, Grenadiers, Coldstreams, and Scots Guards, under Colonel Trotter; and the Blues and six other cavalry regiments, charging in succession, made up a brilliant military spectacle. Our Artists have illustrated the action of that day, and some incidents of the march from Aldershot in the preceding week.

None but the brave deserve the fair.

"Marching" with the Fusiliers
the famous fighting fusiliers



Water Fatigue
"Clcher Up"



Going to Town.



The half way house.
The Cup that cheers
but not
inebriates.



W.B. Mollen.



DEBATE ON THE SECOND READING OF THE HOME RULE BILL IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS: THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE MOVING THE REJECTION OF THE BILL.

Long is.

Milk and Butter Carriers.



Mode of Cleaning Streets.



Wood-Choppers.

Policeman.

Street Messengers.

THE ROYAL FAMILY MEETING AT FREDENSBORG.

Fredensborg, twenty miles from Copenhagen, is the Danish home of our Princess of Wales, and has again become the scene of a royal family meeting, which is a pleasing incident in the history of European Court life. It is prettily situated at the entrance to the little village of that name. Woods surround this royal retreat on all sides, broken by the lovely Esrom Lake, where princely visitors row, punt, fish, and picnic; but the "Slot," or castle, with its lowly stucco walls, does not present a magnificent aspect. In spite of the splendid Marble Gardens and the Great Avenue, this royal residence can hardly impress the visitor with the idea that it has been, so to speak, the nursery of half a dozen royal families in Europe. The Empress of Russia is Princess Marie Dagmar of Denmark; the Princess of Wales is her elder sister, Princess Alexandra of Denmark; King George of Greece is Prince Christian William George of Denmark; the Crown Prince of Denmark is married to Princess Louise of Sweden and Norway, by whom he has many children; Princess Thyra of Denmark espoused his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland; and Prince Waldemar of Denmark, in 1835, took to wife Princess Marie of Orleans, daughter of the Duc de Chartres. Such are the wide and illustrious connections of the offspring of that union, on May 26, 1842, between Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, who in 1863, by virtue of a treaty of settlement, became King Christian of Denmark in succession to King Frederick VII., and Louise, a Princess of Hesse-Cassel, thereby now Queen of Denmark, whose "Golden Wedding," the fiftieth anniversary, was happily celebrated last year. The family gatherings, to which the Czar, the Emperor Alexander III. of Russia, accompanies his consort, while the King of Greece comes from Athens to visit the home of his youth, the Princess of Wales brings her two unmarried daughters, and the King of Sweden comes to see his daughter the Crown Princess, are of a thoroughly domestic character. The palace of Fredensborg is filled with brothers and sisters, with married couples and their children. A few glimpses of its interior, which we are enabled to present, will be acceptable for their true human interest; and we can give a more particular description, with agreeable anecdotes of the royal family life.

A correspondent writes the following account: "We had been so fortunate as to obtain entrance to the castle while it was being prepared for the royal guests, and we proceeded to explore the long corridors, to the right and left of which are tall white doors, and on each is a carte-de-visite, or only a bit of paper, with the name of the occupant.

In the wing of the castle we find but names of the ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting, with high-sounding titles; but all the royal and princely inmates or visitors are located in the main building, sometimes to the number of fifty or more. Here one door may have upon it the name of an Emperor or Empress, another of a King or Queen, every one, at least, of a Prince or Princess. The aged grand "Maréchal de la Cour," a wearer of forty decorations, has the control of the household. The younger Princes and Princesses have to content themselves each with a small bed-room, but sometimes, for the latter, with a little dressing-room attached. We read upon one door, "George, King of Greece," and enter his sitting-room. The furniture is old-fashioned, likewise all the appointments. This room is the same that was occupied by King Christian, his father, half a century ago, when only Prince of Sonderburg-Glücksburg. On a window-pane we read, cut with a diamond: "When shall I see you again, my dear Fredensborg? With God's help, soon. July, 1867. Wilhelm, Prince of Denmark." Such were the words traced on the pane during a visit there four years after his election as King of Greece, under the name of Georgios (George), which is another of his Christian names. We proceed further, and read: "Alexandra, Princess of Wales." This apartment is one that has been also occupied by the German Emperor William during his visits to Fredensborg, and was then handsomely and luxuriously refurnished. Here Princess Alexandra, as her Royal Highness is always called at home, is now her father's guest. "Princess Marie" we read on another door. We are told how, the last time that children and grandchildren

were gathered at Fredensborg, the talented Orleans Princess hit upon the idea—as the bustle in the crowded dwelling was then so great—of fastening a sheet of paper upon her door, with the following injunction, written in her own hand in five different languages—Danish, French, Russian, Greek, and English: "Please walk quietly, as the children are asleep." This little anecdote illustrates, better than any direct testimony, the plain family life that is led at Fredensborg.

At last we reach the apartments prepared for the Czar, Alexander III., and we first enter his study. The tapestries are of silk brocade, with antique patterns, and the chairs are covered with blue broché silk; otherwise the appointments are quite plain. Aslant before the window stands his Imperial Majesty's now famous historical writing-table, at which the Autocrat of Russia has so often penned or signed his decrees. On the mantelpiece close by the table stands an antiquated clock, which dates from the seventeenth century, and is a great curiosity. It does not need to be set back, as it goes but too slowly and never keeps the right time. But the Czar loves the old clock, like the table, and will on no account have it displaced. In front



MORNING IN THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S SITTING-ROOM, FREDENSBORG.

of the writing-table stands a couch with a lady's work-table, and here the Empress invariably sits while her consort is at work, for the Czar is less nervous when he has his charming wife by his side. At the back of his Majesty's study is the sleeping apartment of the Emperor and Empress. We visit the apartments of Queen Louise. In the commodious music-room stand two grand pianos, upon which her Majesty likes to play duets with one or other of her three daughters, while the whole Court listens with pleasure. We next come to a great empty room, with only a huge mattress on the floor. In surprise we inquire what this room is used for, and the answer is that it is the playroom of the little children, Princes and Princesses. But it is said that sometimes the great Russian Czar, having finished his work, comes up here, and throws himself on his back upon that mattress, where all the little ones roll over him, and his tremendous laughter resounds through the castle. Finally, we enter the famous "Garden Saloon," where in the afternoon the entire family gathers for a lively chat, until in the great "Kuppel Sal," 40 ft. in height, dinner is served, when there are distinguished visitors. But it is not such grand apartments that best indicate the character of the Court life at Fredensborg. That is seen in the small modest chamber in which the Czar of all the Russias can alone find that family repose which is denied him in his own vast and splendid palaces.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Among the new books of interest announced by Messrs. Macmillan are the long-expected Hulsean Lectures of Professor Hort. It was hoped to issue these in the spring, but they have no doubt been edited with the fastidious care the author would himself have asked for.

The same house will issue the "Life and Letters of Bishop Phillips Brooks," of which foretastes have been appearing in the American magazines; and the memoir of Bishop Lightfoot originally printed in the *Quarterly Review*. It is a good memoir, and with Professor Hort's article in the "Dictionary of National Biography" should make a fairly complete record; but it is to be hoped that a full life of the great Bishop of Durham will follow in due time.

The *Guardian* supports the action of the Lords in favour of the inclusion of St. David's College, Lampeter, in the proposed University of Wales. It says: "Though Lampeter would be giving up much by relinquishing its present powers of conferring B.A. and B.D. degrees, and trusting itself to the uncertain fortunes of a Federal University, in the present state of Welsh sectarian animosities it seems to us that the risk is, on the whole, worth running, provided that full security will be given for the Church teaching of theology in the college, and for its widespread Church character and government." It seems that Lampeter does not object to the qualified Nonconformist theological colleges being included, so that the question would seem to be whether the University of Wales should admit theological colleges or not. There are eight Nonconformist theological colleges in Wales, so that apparently if all were admitted the majority of the professors would be ministers of religion.

The death is announced of Mrs. Maxwell Hogg, granddaughter of the Rev. H. F. Lyte, the author of "Abide with Me" and other famous hymns. Mrs. Hogg did a useful work among the Brixham fishermen, who have deeply deplored her death.

It is significant of the literary finish of episcopal charges in these days that they are more and more being issued in volumes that find a ready market. Archbishop Benson and Bishop Westcott are to issue their latest deliverances in this form. They will be welcome, but it will be deplorable if the literary activity of the Episcopal Bench has only this outcome.

It is doubtful whether the late Principal Cunningham of St. Andrews will pass on his principalship. There is another Principal in the University—Dr. Donaldson—and it may be thought desirable to unite the colleges under his sway—especially as St. Mary's, the divinity college, has comparatively few students. Among the candidates for the vacant chair of theology is the Rev. James Lindsay, B.D., of Kilmarnock, the author of a valuable book on the "Progressiveness of Modern Christian Thought." Mr. Lindsay's candidature is being supported by some leading Scottish Nonconformists.

The Master of the Temple has had another meeting of his old pupils at Cambridge. For more than thirty years he has trained gratuitously from twelve to fifteen young men for the ministerial calling. Some 220 of these assembled at Trinity College, Cambridge, for a three-days gathering, and addresses were delivered by the Master and by the Bishop of Adelaide. At the close, amid loud expressions of approval, the Master expressed the hope that there might be another similar meeting, and said that though he was more than seventy-five, he would not call it their last gathering.

The St. Asaph Diocesan Conference will be held at Newtown, Montgomeryshire. The report of the standing committee draws attention to several important proposals which have recently been brought before the Legislature and which greatly affect the interests of the Church. "The Suspensory Bill, to mention the most important measure, has happily aroused a strong feeling of opposition throughout the whole kingdom, and may be now looked upon as practically defunct. But it is well to remember that this very unjust and unfair Bill was supported in the House of Commons by a large majority, and that either it or some still more hostile measure is certain to be proposed and pressed vigorously next Session. The struggle, in point of fact, has only been commenced, and those who have come forward to defend the Church, and successfully repulsed the first attack of her assailants, deserve every praise, and should receive all possible assistance."—V.

A JOURNEY THROUGH MOROCCO: SKETCHES BY G. MONTBARD.

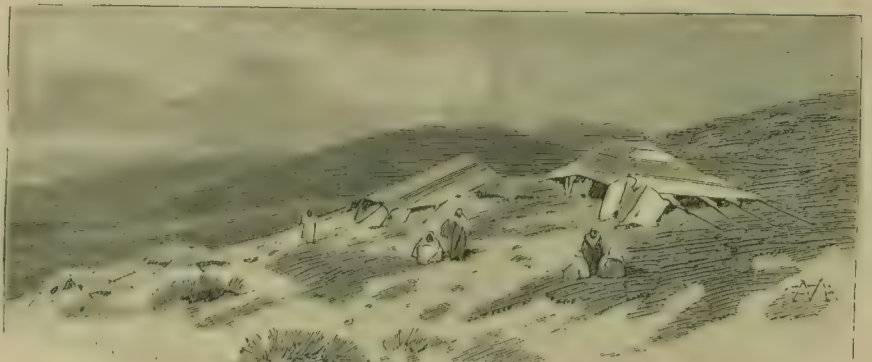
The city of Fez, with its mosques, its palaces, and its prisons, its narrow, squalid, covered streets or alleys, its diverse classes of petty artisans and shopkeepers, its large "fondaks," or inns for travelling merchants, and its long-suffering, much-plundered Jews, has been, perhaps, sufficiently described. It shares with Mequinez or Meknas, a very much smaller town in the northern provinces, and with the city of Morocco, called Marakesh



A JEW OF FEZ.

by the Moors, which lies several hundred miles to the south-west near the Great Atlas mountain range, the privileges of a royal residence; but the Court and capital of the Empire are wherever the Sultan happens to be at the time. Some fifty or sixty miles north of Mequinez and Fez is the sacred city of Wazan, from which place the Great Shereef, the chief ecclesiastical potentate of Morocco, the Pope or Patriarch

of Western Islam, rules the Mohammedan clergy; Hadj Abd-es-Salam, the late Shereef, however, lived usually at Tangier, having adopted European domestic habits, and married an English wife. He deputed his Wazan government and religious functions to his sons, Sidi Mohammed and Sidi-el-Arbi. As far as Tripoli, to the east, including Algeria and Tunis, the Shereef's spiritual authority extends, and his influence with the Riff tribes, the Bedouin Arabs, and other wild people or mountaineers, is greater than that of the Moorish Sultan; he is regarded as a direct descendant of Mulai Idrees and of the Prophet Mohammed. The town of Wazan, which is about two centuries old, contains a population of ten thousand, and is frequented by many pilgrims. It is beautifully situated on the northern slope of the high hill called the Djebel Bouellol, with fine plantations of orange-trees below and olive-woods above. The architectural monuments of Wazan are not remarkably grand; there are several large mosques, of which the one most venerated is that built by Mulai Abdullah Shereef; also Zaouias, or religious colleges and monasteries, and tombs of the local Mussulman saints. The Shereef maintains a small armed guard, and a municipal police of ragged watchmen is supposed to watch over the peace of the town, but the crimes of robbery and murder are frequent. In case of civil war or insurrection, no doubt, his Highness could raise troops of horsemen from the neighbouring plain. He and his family, as well as the ecclesiastical corporations of the Zaouias, possess great wealth in landed estates, and own many



A BEDOUIN ENCAMPMENT.

of the fondaks and other house property in Fez and in Tangier. Religious fanaticism and the pride of a race of conquerors make the Moors of Western Africa more haughty than the Turks of Stamboul and Western Asia. The Jews are kept in abject humiliation. Mr. Walter Harris heard a whining, cringing Israelite pedlar selling his wares,



ON THE WAY TO WAZAN.

"Oh, my lords the Mussulmans, I am but a poor little man; I cannot fight, I cannot fire a gun, I cannot sit a horse and gallop about as you do; but I can serve you, my lords; come and see the linens and calicoes I have brought from the coast, and I shall be proud to let you have them."



INTERIOR OF A FONDAK AT FEZ.



THE GREAT MOSQUE AT WAZAN.



THE CABIN BOY.

BY J. DEMIEULON.



Boats Returning

A. DUTCH
Fishing Village
VOLENDAM

The Kermesse

Fishermens Cottages

Boats Going Out
Geo. C. Haite 1891

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

It is always an interesting study to note the variations in habits which certain animals exhibit when their ways and works are compared with those which are common to the generality of their class. Life has a wonderful knack of adjusting itself to new surroundings. I have often thought that it is this power of adjustment to the environment (which, by the way, is practically Herbert Spencer's definition of life, and a prime factor, to my way of thinking, in fostering the evolution of new species) which constitutes a valuable saving clause of the human constitution itself. You suffer some deep sorrow, or experience some great change in your existence. At first, everything seems dark and drear. Little by little the quality of adjustment asserts itself. Every hour you live under the changed conditions brings its moiety of unconscious comfort. Insensibly, as the days pass, the work of adjustment continues; until, in a few months, or in a year or so perchance, you have once more found your equilibrium. If you cannot adjust, as is the case with many a poor soul amongst us, then you go to the wall. When you console a friend smarting under loss or bereavement, and when you feel how stupidly weak are your best endeavours to comfort him, you may bear in mind that Time the Consoler has a deft way of working out our contentment by this very process of adjustment that operates everywhere among the children of life.

It is a "far cry," no doubt, from humanity to the frog, but the gulf is not impassable; and it was the perusal in an American scientific journal of a note on the habits of the gopher frog (by Mr. F. C. Test, of the National Museum at Washington) which suggested the foregoing remarks. The frog class has a wonderful knack of striking out new and queer ways of living; witness their curious expedients, for instance, in the hatching of their eggs. The gopher frog, Mr. Test tells us, is rare in collections. It is the *Rana areolata asopus* of Cope. Its habits are as peculiar as its personality is rare. For it is a burrowing and subterranean beast, and lives in the holes of the gopher turtle (*Gopherus polyphemus*) with which, says Mr. Test, it appears to be on the best of terms.

On cloudy and wet days this curious frog sits at the door of its burrow—or, rather, at the door of the dwelling of its landlord and host. The turtle may have not one, but two or three frog lodgers. The burrows are from 18 to 20 ft. in length, and from 7 to 8 ft. in depth at the end, and as the frog decidedly objects to be interviewed by man, his capture is by no means easy. For he dives at once into his lodgings, and his excavation is, of course, a serious matter, and not one to be lightly thought of, considering the depth of the tenement, to say nothing, as Mr. Test put it, of the danger of the sandy soil falling in on the enthusiastic zoologist. But you can get the gopher out of bounds occasionally by fishing for him. He is fond of a grasshopper, and may be hooked with such a bait. The burrows, it is added, usually lead to water, so that the aquatic habits of the frogs are thus capable of being maintained, and there is plenty of insect-food to be obtained; so that the gopher having found bed and board, naturally adjusts himself to such easy and comfortable quarters.

It has long been a moot question how far an amount of light, suitable for photographic purposes, penetrates into the depths of the sea. At least, as far as I know, great variations in opinion have been entertained on this subject. Recently M. Louis Boutan published the results of some experiments in this direction which are worth noting. A specially constructed camera, fitted with an apparatus for recording successive exposures of its plates, was employed, and the camera itself was enclosed in a metal box of special design fitted with plane-parallel glass windows. The whole apparatus was capable of being safely sunk, and, being firmly weighted, could securely rest on the sea-bed. In depths not exceeding one or two metres (a metre is over thirty-nine inches) negatives were obtained in ten minutes, the result of ordinary direct light. At greater depths (six or seven metres) like results were got in half an hour, the services of a diver being requisitioned in the latter case. The general result is reported to be that of determining that the depth suitable for submarine photography, with the apparatus at present available, may be regarded as represented by the limits reached by the diver. But it is also clear that the possibilities of the art as applied to submarine work are by no means limited to the experiments just recorded.

Mrs. S. G. Frankland has lately placed on record certain experiments of foreign investigators on the vitality of the cholera-germ in relation to association with different articles of diet, which are extremely interesting. It seems that the germs survive for five days when placed on ordinary salad-leaves covered and kept at the temperature of a room. On cooked cauliflowers they survived for ten days, but on sliced strawberries they lived for twenty-four hours only; juicy and sour cherries disposed of the germs in three hours, the acid apparently killing them quickly. By a three per cent. infusion of black China tea the germs were killed in twenty-four hours, a four per cent. infusion destroying them in sixty minutes. Pilsener and Lager beer is fatal to the germs in three hours (*pace* the teetotalers!); and in white wine the germs do not survive more than five minutes, nor longer than twenty minutes in red wine. After these revelations we are bound to have the virtues of beer and white and red wine extolled as germicides of decidedly pleasant character.

Referring to my note on the curious fact that parsnip-leaves have the property of causing a skin-eruption on those who handle them, a lady correspondent writes to me to the effect that this property is well known among the peasantry in Guernsey. She adds that the irritating properties of the leaves are specially developed when they are covered with dew. When the leaves are dry, they are believed to be innocuous; and if this latter observation be correct, it certainly forms an interesting topic for consideration why the wet leaves should possess a power non-existent in the dry state.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

REV A W S A ROW (West Drayton).—It is one of those mischances impossible to avoid, but we hope better fortune will attend your next contribution.

R KELLY (of Kelly).—Thanks. Though slight in structure, the solution is very neat.

F THOMPSON (Derby).—Look at the effect of 1. Kt to B 2nd (ch), K to K 4th; 2. Kt to Q 5th, and Q mates next move. Again, 1. Kt takes Kt P, K takes Kt; 2. Q to B 3rd (ch), &c.

N J (Liverpool).—We are much obliged for your communication, and wish you a successful tour.

CHARLES BURNETT (Biggleswade).—We trust you will not entirely desert us for the other charmer, especially as your attentions are not required simultaneously.

T G (Ware).—At the moment we have not access to the file, but think you will find there is no solution in the way you suggest.

E S KENNEDY (Exmouth).—Solutions ought to be posted not later than the second Saturday after publication, which gives a clear fortnight.

A F MACKENZIE (Jamaica).—We are in due receipt of your budget of extracts from the *Daily Gleaner*, and confess ourselves surprised with the vigour and enthusiasm of the editing. The matter was thoroughly interesting.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2571 received from R Syer (San José); of No. 2574 from J W Shaw (Montreal), F S Inclan (Havana), F A Holloway (Grand Rapids, Mich.), and E P Ruggles (Newport, U.S.A.); of No. 2576 from J F Moon, E W Brook, Charles Burnett, J Bodenham, and A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter); of No. 2577 from H S Brandreth, Charles Burnett, Edwin Barnish (Rochdale), E S Kennedy (Exmouth), E W Brook, and A E McC (Kingston).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2578 received from T Roberts, Joseph Willcock (Chester), Charles Burnett, Dr F St A Newiman, R Worters (Canterbury), E E H, Digamma, J F Moon, J Coad, C E Perugini, Howich, A J Habgood (Haslar), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Martin F, E Louden, J Ross (Whitley), W Wright, W R Raille, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), Dawn, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), W P Hind, Admiral Brandreth, Julia Short (Exeter), Shadforth, H B Hur ord, Alpha, J M K Lupton, R H Brooks, G Joicy, F J Knight, L Desanges, Sorrento, Hereward, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), J Dixon, G R Conyngham, M Burke, and Thomas Isaac (Maldon).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2577.—By Dr. F. STEINGASS.

WHITE. BLACK.

1. R to K 6th K takes Kt

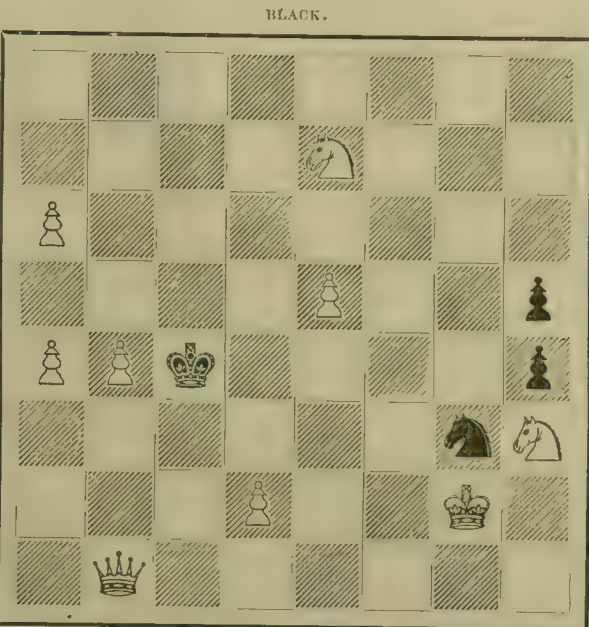
2. R to K 4th (ch) K to Kt 4th

3. Kt to R 7th. Mate

If Black play 1. B takes R, 2. B takes B; if 1. B takes P (ch), 2. K takes B; if 1. Kt moves, then 2. Kt to R 7th (ch), mating in each case on the following move.

PROBLEM No. 2580.

By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Consultation game at the Divan, Mr. BLACKBURN opposing another professional and amateur consulting.

(Falkbeer Counter-Gambit.)

WHITE (Allies) BLACK (Mr. B.)

1. P to K 4th P to K 4th

2. P to K B 4th P to Q 4th

3. P takes Q P P to K 5th

4. P to B 4th

Not so good as P to Q 3rd, or Kt to Q 3rd. If P to Q 3rd, Q takes P, Kt to Q 3rd gives White a good game.

4. P to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd

5. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd

6. K Kt to K 2nd B to K B 4th

7. Kt to Kt 3rd

Intending if Kt to Kt 5th, Kt takes P; but Kt to R 4th seems advisable, getting rid of the Bishop, if possible, at an early stage.

7. Castles

Which leaves White with a most difficult game.

8. B to K 2nd R to K sq

9. P to Q Kt 4th B to Q 5th

Clearly, if B takes P, White gets temporary relief by Castling.

WHITE (Allies) BLACK (Mr. B.)

10. B to Kt 2nd P takes P

11. Q to Kt 3rd P takes P

12. B takes P B to K 3rd

13. B takes B R takes B

14. Kt to B 5th Kt to B 3rd

All Black's moves seem to fit in opportunely and neatly.

15. Kt to K 2nd B takes B

16. Q takes B Q to Kt 3rd

17. P to Q R 3rd R to Q sq

18. Castles (Q R) Q to Kt 4th

19. Kt (K 2) to Kt 3 R to Q 6th

20. K to Kt sq Q to R 5th

As this threatens the R P and to pin the Queen, there seems no other reply; but the finish is in Mr. Blackburne's best style, and it is close at hand.

21. K to R 2nd R takes R P (ch)

22. Q takes R Kt takes P (ch)

23. K to Kt 2nd Q to B 7th (ch)

24. K to R sq R to R 3rd

White resigns.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played in the Staten Island tourney between Mr. POLLOCK and Major HANHAM.

(King's Bishop's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. P.) BLACK (Major H.)

1. P to K B 4th P to Q 4th

2. P to Kt 3rd P to K 3rd

3. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd

4. P to B 4th B to Q 3rd

5. Kt to B 3rd P to Q R 3rd

6. P to Q Kt 3rd Q Kt to Q 2nd

7. B to Kt 2nd

White's centre is weak, and would be still further weakened by the obvious-looking P to Q 4th instead.

7. P to Q Kt 3rd

8. B to K 2nd P to B 3rd

A decidedly original game on both sides.

9. Castles Castles

10. R to B sq R to K sq

There is much point in this good move.

11. Kt to Q 4th P to B 4th

12. Kt to B 3rd B to Kt 2nd

13. P takes P P takes P

14. Q to B 2nd Kt to B sq

WHITE (Mr. P.) BLACK (Major H.)

15. B to Q 3rd P to Q Kt 4th

16. Kt to K 2nd Kt to K 5th

17. Kt to Kt 3rd Kt takes Kt

18. P takes Kt

And here White's position improves.

18. P to B 5th P to B 3rd

19. B to B 5th P to B 3rd

20. P to K Kt 4th

Mr. Pollock says he designedly gave up the piece for attacking purposes, but that probably K to B 2nd is better here, followed by R to K R sq.

20. P to Kt 3rd P to Kt 3rd

21. P to Kt 5th P takes B

22. P takes P B to B sq

23. Kt to Kt 5th R to R 2nd

24. P to B 7th (ch) R takes P

25. Q to B 3rd B to K 4th

White resigns.

Mr. Jasniagrodsky, previous to his departure for America, where he has several chess engagements, gave an exhibition performance at the Central Chess Club, Liverpool, undertaking the novel task of playing simultaneously four games blindfold and fourteen over the board. He won one and drew three of the former, and won eight, drew four, and lost two of the latter.

The Dover Chess Club will meet in future at the Victoria Hotel, Castle Street, at 8 p.m.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

A matter which I referred to a few weeks ago—namely, the cruelty and mischief of forcing frightened children into the sea to bathe, has just been brought before a police-court. The managers of a convalescent home for children have been charged with cruelty in having done precisely this thing. They apologised, and excused themselves on the ground that the attendant who had so erred was a novice. It is satisfactory to have got it recognised that such treatment is really cruel, for it has hitherto been regarded as quite a proper course of proceeding, there being supposed to be some magic in the mere contact of the briny wave that carries health and strength, regardless of the nervous terror of the patient, and it was therefore believed that the agony of fright must no more be regarded by a wise parent than it would be in carrying out some needful operation. Of course, all this is a complete error.

The good of a cold bath, in the sea or elsewhere, is largely dependent on the nervous effect; and the mere fact that the sea is salt does not make it any more beneficial to bathe in than fresh water, except in one point—to wit, that the involuntary mouthfuls that are swallowed by most swimmers and bathers are more likely to have a definite effect when they are of the sea-water. Probably we do not realise how much of the good results that healthy persons feel from sea-bathing—the increased appetite and the improved spirits—are due to the stirring up of the liver by the salts in the sea-water that is swallowed. It is a fact, however, that the original object of persons going to the sea for their health was to drink the water! In earlier times the mineral waters of inland spas were the usual resort of the invalidish rich. Mary Queen of Scots went to Buxton when she was ill in England. Queen Catherine of Braganza used to resort to Tunbridge Wells in the days of Grammont. It is not till this century that we hear much of going to the seaside for health, and then the sea was used precisely as the spa was used—to drink. Sea-water is no more unpalatable and sickening than is that of many mineral springs, and its result on the system would be similar to that of some spas. Anyhow, it used to produce great cures in certain cases, and probably the little of it that is involuntarily swallowed has more to do now with the specific good of the sea-baths than the mere application of it to the skin. But it is people who systematically eat of heavy or rich food, and get insufficient exercise, or who saturate their systems with alcohol and tobacco, that need such treatment. The benefit to a child must be sought in the reaction, and the injury to terrified nerves will counterbalance that if force is used to get the little bather into the water.

A correspondent, while agreeing with me that to overcome fear is the first step to swimming-teaching, asks how a timid child is to be persuaded that it will be supported in the water if it gives itself up to the hold of its mother. This opens the whole question of teaching children to believe their parents. It should be sufficient for the most timid child to be seriously assured by its mother that a certain protection will be afforded, for it to be quite certain that the promise will be carried out. The policy of deceiving a child for the sake of saving momentary difficulty with it is surely utterly mistaken. Shakspeare says: "Trust not to him that once has broken faith"; and a simple child's mind is quite able to receive the doctrine. Yet it is common enough to deceive that sensitive mind, and make it learn in the nursery the bitter lesson of unfaith. How many mothers and nurses will approach a little child to give it a dose of nauseous medicine with the assurance that the stuff is nice; or will start on getting a deep-set splinter out of the flesh with the statement that it will not hurt; or will promise some treat as the reward of some compliance without the smallest intention of fulfilling the bond! Soon, too soon, the child understands the device of such deceit, and it becomes useless; and even though it may have succeeded once or twice, at what a price was that temporary success purchased!—the destruction of the child's confidence in its guides and guardians, and the lesson to it that its elders do not hesitate to speak falsely for their passing convenience.

It is in the end more convenient, and it is all though infinitely more proper, always to speak the truth to a child. Take the case of giving unpleasant medicine, for instance: if the little one is told candidly and firmly—"Yes, darling, it is nasty to taste, but it must be taken, so you will show us how brave you are, and mother will pop something nice in your mouth directly"—the dose will be swallowed by one so encouraged at least as readily as by a child who has been cheated before, and there is a call on the courage and resolution at the same time that is educative. To rise to meet such a moral demand produces a happy feeling in the mind of the child who answers to it, and is praised for doing so, that is infinitely better for it than the irritation and disappointment that follow in the case of one who has been hoaxed by a falsehood.

Some theorists on education, indeed, have gone out of their way to prepare disappointments and pains for children in order to train them in qualities of endurance and courage. Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton," took an unfortunate child to bring up on his principles, one of which was the necessity of training the stronger faculties, and in order to accomplish the end he went so far as to drop hot sealing-wax purposely on the poor girl's arm. But life offers to even the most fortunate and cherished among us abundant opportunities of bearing disappointments and sufferings, and the small sorrows and pains that ordinarily fall to the lot of children are sufficient to enable the mother to train their minds to meet their future fate in these respects. How sad it is that such inevitable trials of childhood should so often be misused and made the occasion for training in deception and for cultivating cowardice and futile rebellion, instead of, as they should be, for the opposite training! It can never be right to deceive and lie to a child, even in matters that are considered legitimate grounds for falsehood by some persons. Youngsters will often ask inconvenient questions, for instance, both about one's personal affairs and on things in general. Well, they need not be answered; it is quite sufficient to tell them flatly that you do not see fit to give them the information, or to say that they are not yet old enough to be told, but shall be told in the course of time, when they are able to understand.

THE HASTINGS CRICKET WEEK: SKETCHES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.



BATTLE ABBEY, GATEWAY.



BODIAM CASTLE.

The Sussex seacoast, which enjoys a fine dry air, with freedom from fogs and mists, owing to the chalk range of the South Downs, has several justly favourite watering-places besides popular Brighton. If it be objected, not without some truth, that much of the coast scenery is monotonous and that the vicinity of Brighton, for instance, lacks the attraction of woodlands, this cannot be said of the neighbourhood of Hastings and St. Leonards. The open

view westward, too, across Pevensey Level towards Eastbourne and Beachy Head, has sufficient grandeur, with that majestic headland, 575 ft. high, at its termination. Around Hastings the country is more inviting to lovers of rural excursions than at most parts of that coast. Beyond East Hill is the picturesque glen of Ecclesbourne; a little further one reaches Fairlight Glen, which is beautiful, and Fairlight Down, the summit of which commands a vast prospect of land and sea. At the St. Leonards end of the continuous united sea-front of the old and new towns, pleasant roads northward lead to the little rustic church of Hollington, sequestered in a grove, to Halton, Ore, Bohemia, and on the way to Battle—a name that stirs the Englishman's blood with reminiscences of the Norman Conquest. The whole of this locality affords such opportunities of interesting changes of scene that we have not been surprised, within the last three years, to find Bexhill, at the station of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway before arriving at St. Leonards, becoming a distinct place of resort and leisurely residence. Its progress will now be quickened by the excellent accommodation provided in the Sackville Hotel, a first-class establishment, well furnished, well managed, with a good *cuisine*, and with mews or stables that might contain a hundred horses. Tennis lawns, golf links, gardens, a fine safe beach, and broad sands at low tide afford recreation to the visitors. The air is bracing, but little

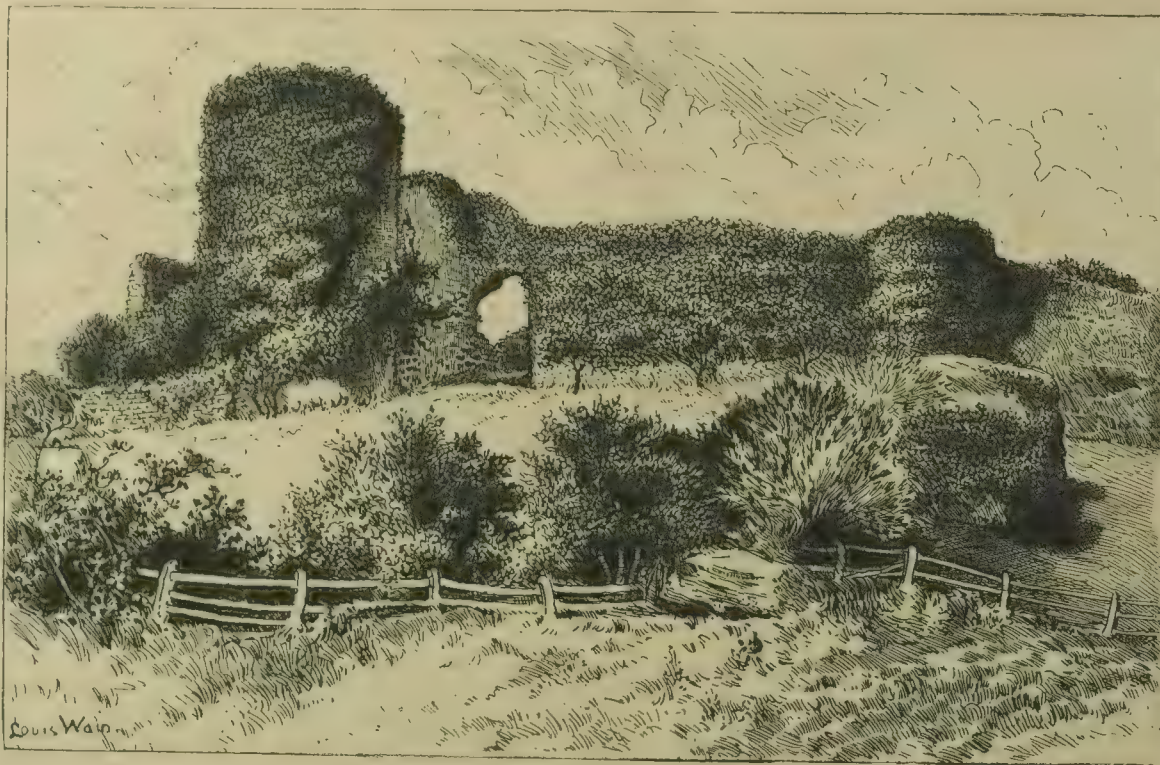
disturbed by rough easterly and northerly winds. For sportsmen there is good wild-fowl shooting, also sea fishing, and the Bexhill Harriers, a noted old pack, as well as the East Sussex foxhounds in the hunting season.

To those who have a taste for antiquarian and historical studies the district within about twelve miles presents some important objects of study. Battle Abbey, six miles from Hastings, shows in its remaining portions, attached

incorporating much of the work of the ancient Roman builders in its outer walls. The Roman masonry of a thousand years before was better than the Norman, and much of it is still in perfect condition; its material is flint, with red sea-sand mortar, and it is faced with squared blocks of sandstone, with bounding courses of red tiles.

Hurstmonceux, not far from Bexhill, on rising ground at the east side of Pevensey Level, was the abode of the late Archdeacon Julius Hare, an eminent theologian and literary scholar associated with Frederick Denison Maurice. Here, in the so-called Castle, are the remains of a grand brick-built mansion, one of the finest examples of English domestic architecture of the fifteenth century, built in the reign of Henry VI. by Sir Roger de Fiennes, a knight who fought at the battle of Agincourt. The moat, which had a drawbridge, the turreted gateway, the guard-room, and the inner and outer courts, have an aspect of being intended for defence; while the oriel window of a private chapel, and the great kitchen, bakehouse, and oven prove that the owner of this mansion was a stately and wealthy personage. The walls are beautifully covered with ivy.

Twelve miles from Hastings, by rail to Hurst Green, on the border separating Kent from Sussex, is Bodiam Castle, which was erected towards the end of the fourteenth century. It is situated in the valley of the Rother, and is surrounded by a wide moat of water derived from that river, which flows to the sea at Rye. This castle was evidently of some military importance; its defences were very complex, with a barbican, a gateway flanked by two square towers, and furnished with a treble portcullis, and nine towers, square and round, in the circumvallation, still remaining almost entire; the tower staircases, upper rooms, and loop-holes are worthy of inspection. In the Weald of Sussex are many other places of antiquarian interest.



PEVENSEY CASTLE.

to the modern mansion, some tokens of the wealth and magnificence of the old monastery founded to commemorate William's victory over Harold and the English on the field of Senlac; but the gateway tower, with the small arcades in its front, is of a much later period than the Norman, and so are the hall, the refectory, and what is left of the Abbey Church. It is at Pevensey, nearer to Eastbourne than to Hastings, that a very remarkable Norman structure is found, a strong castle erected on the site of a Roman fortress, and



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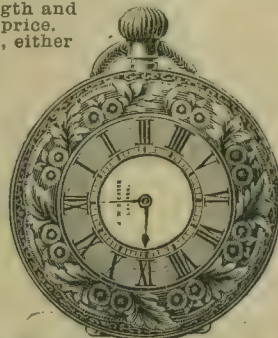
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THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

Her Majesty's faithful Commons are plodding through the bog of Supply, pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp which assumes the shape of an early adjournment. As I write there is no prospect of the Parliamentary holiday before the end of the month. There has been a Saturday sitting, which proved fairly successful, for the Government managed to get ten votes; but this is a good deal more than the average for a day's work, and there are nearly a hundred votes to come. Many of them seem non-contentious, but then you can never predict the wayward course of debate on the Estimates. The most unlikely topics yield the longest speeches. Who would have thought that Mr. Chamberlain would exhibit a sudden interest in the Bahamas? He had a tale to tell, and he refused to tell it after midnight, because he feared it would not be reported in the papers next morning. Sir William Harcourt remarked that this anxiety about posterity did not possess the Lords, who were debating the Home Rule Bill at that moment. Mr. Chamberlain retorted that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was "insolent and brutal." Mildly admonished by the Chair, he withdrew this expression and substituted the opinion that the observations of the Chancellor of the Exchequer were "venomous." Next day we heard all about the Bahamas, where it appears that Mr. Chamberlain has bought property. He described the colony as "God-forsaken," referring, no doubt, to the period before he became a landed proprietor there. The romance of the Bahamas relates to the exploits of the Chief Justice, who sent an editor to prison and quarrelled with the Governor for releasing him. Since then the Chief Justice has resided in this country, and the Bahamas get on as best they may without his judicial wisdom. All this Mr. Chamberlain set forth at great length and with entertaining detail.

Then came a discussion of what has been termed the "cordite scandal." Mr. Hanbury found it quite impossible to treat this subject adequately under an hour and a half. He had a tremendous indictment against some officials of the War Office, who were alleged to have helped themselves to other people's ideas, and to have sold the secret of cordite to a foreign manufacturer. These charges were met by Mr. Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Edward Stanhope with point blank denial, and then, *mirabile dictu!* Mr. Bartley confessed that he was not omniscient. He spoke as "an old public servant who knows nothing about cordite or anything else." This frankness was a staggering blow to an assembly which has been accustomed to regard Mr. Bartley as the possessor of the talisman of universal knowledge. After this cordite exploded, and a shattered House collected its wits as best it could to consider Mr. Dalziel's indictment of the Duke of Connaught's appointment to the command at Aldershot. Mr. Dalziel is a youthful Radical with an exemplary manner. He has not cultivated the

wild and whirling eloquence of Mr. Alpheus Cleophas Morton, who combines with a microscopic ingenuity a boldness which is positively Dantesque. Mr. Dalziel made no personal attack on the Duke of Connaught; he simply argued that Aldershot was too responsible a position for the Duke's experience and ability, and he wanted to know why Lord Roberts had not been appointed. This was not vehement enough for the Danton of Peterborough, who demanded precise information of the distance between the Duke of Connaught and the fighting line at Tel-el-Kebir. Then came a rattle of small arms from the lieutenant-colonels on the Conservative benches. Was not this an attack on the Duke of Connaught simply because he was a member of the royal family? Was the Duke to be prevented from serving his country because he happened to be a prince? Mr. Campbell-Bannerman defended the appointment with much energy. The Duke of Connaught, he said, was the senior officer available, and the best man for the post. As for Lord Roberts, if the country had wanted him, it would have had to pay a general's instead of a lieutenant-general's salary—that is to say, an extra thousand a year. It did not occur to anyone to reply that as a guarantee of efficiency this would have been real economy; but Major Rasch startled his military friends on the Opposition side by severely criticising the Aldershot appointment and going into the Radical lobby. Incidentally Mr. Campbell-Bannerman declared with emphasis that when the post of Commander-in-Chief should fall vacant it would not be refilled. The Radicals mustered thirty-nine votes against the Duke of Connaught, but the officials and ex-officials coalesced, and the Government had a majority of 117.

On these performances in Supply the guillotine occasionally descends amid a chorus of protests. There is no greater charm in our system of party government than the conscientious zeal with which each party in turn is inflamed when in Opposition and when the Estimates are before the House. In justice to Mr. Hanbury it must be said that he is superior to mere tactical considerations. Whether his party is in or out of office he would rather die than not discuss the Army Clothing Factory in Pimlico. He has discovered that Tommy Atkins does not get enough beef, that he is frequently put into a uniform which does not fit him, and that soldiers' wives never have sufficient work in the shape of sewing. What would happen to Mr. Hanbury if he were made an official I do not know. His leaders have not yet had the courage to try the experiment. Perhaps they are apprehensive that his first official action would be to make a huge bonfire of red tape on the Horse Guards Parade. I have a vision of Mr. Hanbury as a sort of Santa Claus, distributing beef and well-fitting uniforms and plain sewing with a lavish hand. If you can imagine the British taxpayer as another Ebenezer Scrooge, going to bed on Christmas Eve and dreaming of adventures with the Spirit of Christmas in the shape of Mr. Hanbury, and waking up next morning a regenerated man, with a consuming desire to present a turkey to the first private soldier he meets, then you can form some idea of the virtuous energy of the member for Preston.

"THE OTHER FELLOW" AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Mr. Fred Horner was the first to break the spell of theatrical dulness, and to start the new dramatic season at the little Court Theatre, where Mr. Arthur Chudleigh, one of the very few non-actor managers, reigns supreme. We do not borrow from the French nowadays so much as we used to do. There is little need of it when humorists like Gilbert, or Pinero, or Sims are anxious and ready to make us laugh. But still, whenever a good French or German farce is to hand there is no disposition to cold-shoulder it merely because it is of foreign origin. If truth be told, the majority of the public outside the charmed circle do not very much care to inquire where a play comes from, or, indeed, who wrote it, provided they get their value for their half-guinea, which is not very often the case. "The Other Fellow" is a pretty close copy of a modern French pantomimic farce called "Champion Malgré Lui." It is based on familiar lines; it has several humorous situations and ideas; but it is the kind of play that will go better when the performers are in better spirits and less anxious about their work. Mr. Arthur Chudleigh has been sensible enough to gather a bright and clever company around him. He does not intend to spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tar. Both Mr. Charles Groves and Mr. Weedon Grossmith are admirable comedians of distinctly different style and manner. This was just what was wanted for the double heroes of this farce. It is a comedy of errors in which the opposing figures should be not as like but as unlike as possible. Mr. Charles Brookfield has also a keen sense of humour and a smart spirit of caricature, while Mr. De Lange is one of the most useful, versatile, and observant actors on the modern stage. His "little bits" are invariably excellent. But the merriest of farces are of little use without pretty girls, and these are represented, among others, by clever Miss Aida Jenoure and charming Miss Ellaline Terriss. I expect to see "The Other Fellow" go far better than he did on the first night. He was a little low, and required a stimulant. Perhaps he had got stage-fright. At any rate, it would not surprise me to hear that he was by this time setting the audience in a roar. We cannot have too much honest laughter in these days, when, apparently, we are all so dreadfully serious and alarmingly sensitive. The "epoch-making drama" must be relieved with an occasional dose of good old-fashioned honest English fun.—C.S.

Much excitement is felt at Biarritz and Bayonne on account of a report that the Government has determined to suppress bull-fights in France. The society for the Protection of Animals will test the law by means of an action which they are bringing against M. Dupuy for authorising the recent fights at Dax, Bayonne. The next fight is appointed to take place at Bayonne on Sept. 17. The bulls have already been bought and cuadrillas engaged. If the fights are prevented, a heavy loss will be sustained by the promoters.

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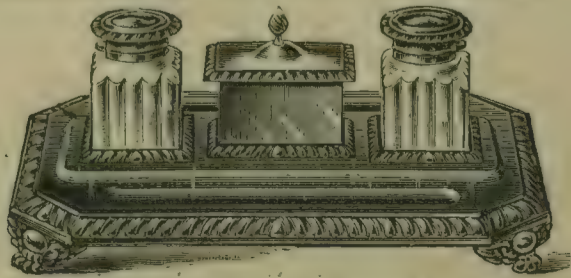
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ART NOTES.

An article in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*, by Major Martin Hume, pleasantly recalls the memories which surround Durham Place, once the glory of the Strand, and the scene of many an historic episode before the brothers Adams swept away its last traces in building the Adelphi. The article, which tells of the gradual disappearance of a magnificent palace, reminds us also that other buildings little less historical will, sooner or later, be "improved" away. At the present time, when there are still a few Londoners detained in town, and presumably in possession of a little leisure, they might spend some pleasant as well as profitable time in making themselves acquainted with some of the art treasures of the metropolis which, in the hurry of business and daily life, are passed by wholly unappreciated by those who live within easy reach of them. How few of us, for instance, have ever seen the inside of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, either in its untouched state twenty years ago, or since upwards of £30,000 has been spent in its restoration; or St. Saviour's, Southwark, with the monument to Gower, the first English poet, and the burying place of Edmund Shakspeare—William's brother—of John Fletcher and of Philip Massinger, the dramatists, and of Sir John Shorter, Lord Mayor of London, and grandfather of Lady Walpole—the wife of Sir Robert and mother of Horace Walpole! Fewer still, perhaps, are acquainted with the white marble cupola of St. Stephen's, Walbrook—Wren's masterpiece; while St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, and the Barbican are known by name only to a very small sprinkling of our fellow-citizens. If anyone desires to spend a holiday in an unconventional but pleasant way, he cannot do better than ramble, "Baedeker" in hand, as our German and even our French visitors may be seen doing—and he will find that London still contains many objects of national and artistic interest which will bear comparison with those he travels hundreds of miles to see.

Whatever else the process of "betterment" may imply, it obviously has little to do with the improvement of London from an æsthetic point. If it had we should probably have

heard some outcry against the encroachment made upon St. James's Park by the new War Office and Admiralty buildings. As this mass rises higher and higher each day one is able to realise the serious disfigurement in store for one of the few remaining spots which recalled old London. Built as it is under the very windows of the home of the London County Council in Spring Gardens, the members of that body cannot plead the excuse of having no knowledge of what was going on. It is true that the County Council has no statutory rights on which to rely in a struggle with a public department presided over by a Parliamentary official; but on more than one occasion they have found other weapons which have enabled them to champion popular rights. The building now in course of erection promises to be of more than customary hideousness among the various specimens of official architecture with which London has been endowed; for a modernised reproduction of the garden front of the old Admiralty will scarcely strike the observer as an achievement worthy of the powers of contemporary architects. It is probably too late to do more than protest, but this protest against the vulgarisation of the Mall and the destruction of the time-honoured parade ground, should be made by all who care for picturesque London.

If the first part (i.—xxxiii.) of Mr. Louis Fagan's "History of Engraving in England" (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.) is to be taken as a fair sample of the whole work, it promises to be one of the most attractive books of the season. Mr. Fagan has done well to let the engravers speak for themselves. His brief survey of the progress of the art of engraving in England, from Elizabeth's reign to the present time, is clear and practical. Of each of the plates he gives a short description and a few notes on the artist and his place in history, beginning with Remigius Hogenbergh, the protégé of Archbishop Parker, whose portrait (reproduced in Mr. Fagan's volume) is believed to have been the first instance in England of a print taken from an engraved copper-plate. The engravers of the first generations contained some names which still survive—Elstracke, Rogers, the brothers Van de Passe, John Payne,

&c.—and most of these found employment about Elizabeth's Court or person. The three-quarter length portrait of the Queen in the dress she is said to have worn when she went to St. Paul's to return thanks for the defeat of the Armada is almost a pleasing rendering of her features, and is in contrast with Rogers's full-length portrait of her Majesty in the stiffest of gowns and the sourest of tempers. It is not until we come to W. Faithorne that we find the easier grace of more modern work. His portrait of Viscount Mordaunt is a really beautiful study of a face full of refinement. Gaywood, who followed Faithorne, goes almost to the extreme of free treatment in his portrait of Charles II. in a plumed hat, cocked on one side, while the royal crown, orb, and sceptre are laid by on a cupboard as apparently useless lumber for the nonce. Prince Rupert is represented by a fine mezzotint engraving of the picture of the "Executioner of St. John," by Riberā, which shows what services the royal amateur rendered to the art he loved. The series concludes with George Vertue's portrait of Lord Somers, full of life and character. Mr. Fagan, it will be seen, has made a judicious selection of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the various engravers, and the Autotype Company has never been more successful than in their reproduction.

Blackeraig, where Mr. Gladstone has been spending his brief holiday, is, as a building, scarcely worthy of its surroundings. It is a pretentious, pseudo-baronial house with mediæval aims built by a successful Dundee merchant forty or fifty years ago, when taste was perhaps at its lowest ebb both in Scotland and England. The scenery by which this grotesque residence is surrounded is, however, of such beauty that the tourist will not allow his enjoyment to be disturbed by any builder's "folly." It is, moreover, strange that such a house should be found in such a neighbourhood, for between Blairgowrie and Kirk-michael are to be seen half a dozen old and picturesque country houses of various types, mostly bearing some traces of the French influence, so powerful over Scotch architects until a comparatively recent date, of which Craighall, the supposed house of the "Barons of Bradwardine," is perhaps the most striking example.

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"Sir,—The enclosed photo of my little boy, Percy H. Porter, was taken at twelve months of age. He was brought up entirely upon your 'Food' from the age of six weeks. At fourteen months he weighs 26 lbs.

"Yours truly,
"C. A. PORTER."



"Truro, Oct. 30, 1891.

"DEAR SIR,—I send you an unsolicited testimonial, which you fully deserve. The photograph enclosed is one of my baby at eleven months' age. At four months he was smaller than when he was born, and although we tried nearly every kind of food, he was always crying and failing. At four months we tried your 'Food,' and from that he has become contented, and has rapidly thriven. This represents him at eleven months—height, 32 in.; measurement, chest 22 in., thigh 12½ in., calf 9 in.; weight 28 lbs.

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DIGESTIVE. NOURISHING. SUSTAINING.

For Children after Weaning, the Aged, Dyspeptic, and for all who require a simple, nutritious, and sustaining food.

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"Pydeltrenthide, near Dorchester, Feb. 8, 1892.

"DEAR SIR,—I enclose photo of our little girl, Lilian, taken when seven months old, weight 16½ lbs., fed on your 'Food' from the time she was five months old; previous to this she was fed on another food, but made very little progress, weighing only 11½ lbs. After having been fed on your 'Food' for three weeks she had gained 2½ lbs., and now, at just a year old, her weight is 25 lbs., making a gain of 8½ lbs. since the photo was taken, although she has suffered a great deal with teething. Her limbs are very strong and she stands well, is now beginning to walk; everyone, when told her age, exclaims, 'What a beautiful child!' and our doctor said she was a good recommendation for the 'Food.' We often wish we had given your Food a trial earlier. We have recommended your 'Food' to several, and when tried it has given satisfaction.

"I am, Sir, yours truly,

"JOSEPH READ."

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TRANSLATION.

Berlin, April 14, 1893.

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"26, Marlborough Place, N.W.,
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"Sir,—I thought the enclosed would be of some use to you, and I have the permission of her father to send it. The photo was taken when seven months old, and born at Bournemouth, and brought up on your 'Food.' Please send photo back when you have finished with it.

"I am, Sir, yours, etc.,
"W. WALSH."



"Donchurch, Rugby,
Jan. 21, 1892.

"DEAR SIR,—I beg to enclose you a photo of my granddaughter, Lucy Birch Blick, aged just twelve months. She has been brought up entirely on your 'Food' since one month old, and she seems to do her diet such credit that I thought it would please you to see her photo, which I should like you to return, unless you require it to make use of.

"I am, yours faithfully,

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"He is a bigger, stronger, and finer child than the others, and the only one who has been entirely fed on your 'Food.'

"I am, yours truly,

"N. CROWTHER."

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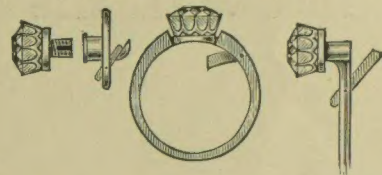
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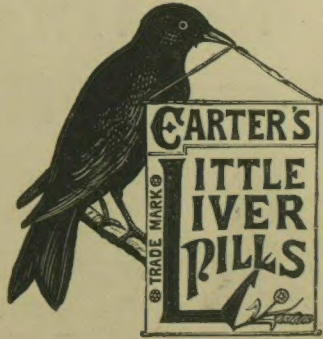
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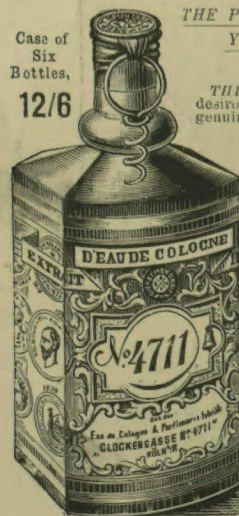
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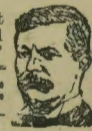
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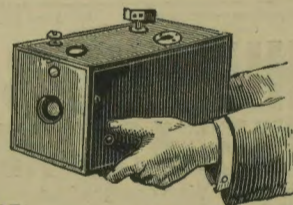
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